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DÜRRENSTEIN.

THE DANUBE WITH PEN AND PENCIL

BY

CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE BAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE"

WITH 99 ILLUSTRATIONS



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Uns ist in alten mæren
Wunders vil geseit
Von helden lobebaeren
Von gruozer kuenheit.
Von freuden hochgeziten
Von weinen und von klagen
Von kuener rechen striten
Muget ir un wunder hoeren sagen.

(Der Nibelungen Lied.)

INTRODUCTION

GENTLE READER, let me introduce a friend—Danube, a river, a great and glorious river. How great he is may be seen on any map of Europe; how glorious he is can only be learnt on personal acquaintance. Like all the truly great, he is modest. He cannot, of course, conceal his greatness: maps give you his length, statistics give you his importance, but only a friend can tell you how glorious he is. A humble friend, but perhaps for that reason an appreciative one, therefore begs you to be introduced to Danube.

You will find yourself in the best company too, for Danube has numbered many distinguished men among his friends. There was Strabo, the Greek geographer. He preferred to call this river "Ister"; but then he knew Danube only in his lower reaches. Yet this discerning mortal speaks quite enthusiastically about his friend, the river with seven mouths, one of which, on account of its usefulness, was called the Holy One.

An ancient river like Danube, you may be sure, would become acquainted with a Roman emperor here and there. Among these are Tiberius and Trajan. Emperor Julian, too, had business on the upper Danube. He rented boats one day to convey some three thousand troops from Guntia (Günzburg) to some scene of trouble, and Danube supplied his wants ungrudgingly.

That unscrupulous Frank, Charlemagne, made very free use of Danube in his wars against the Avari, and

even suggested connecting him with the Rhine by means of a canal.

Danube has never told me whether he quite liked those unruly crusaders who took ship and sailed away to fight against the Saracens. They took other things as well, and generally forgot to pay for them. But they did some good in return : they came back full of information about the East, and this information, when stripped of picturesque detail, certainly stimulated trade. Soon all manner of goods came up from the East—laurel-leaves, saffron, hazel-nuts, oils, liquorice, pepper, ginger, cloves, Muscat nuts, aniseed, raw silk, purple raiment, and gold thread.

I do not suggest that the crusaders were in the habit of bringing this list of stores back home. As a matter of fact, each individual crusader was content to bring back his own skin whole. However, no one will deny that such luxuries, floating about on a river, are bound to give it “tone.”

You may safely say that my friend Danube is in a very large way of business, so large that he might know anybody. And he has known many. Think of all the emperors, kings, princes, dukes, counts, barons (we will go no lower) who have actually lived on his banks. There is company for you!

But if you really want to know him and make him your friend, go to him alone, listen to his voice as he moves along on his appointed course. His aspect is beautiful as the face of a friend ; his knowledge is deep as his bed ; his passions are strong as his current. So what he may tell you is worth your acceptance ; and he tells it in a manner that makes you accept it.

Here in this book I endeavour to tell you what Danube has confided to me. I am breaking no confidences—for I do not know all—neither may I tell all I heard.

THE DANUBE WITH PEN AND PENCIL

CHAPTER I



NO doubt the character of a river, like that of a mortal man, is formed by the influences that bear upon it. Again, no river of any importance may be accused of being exactly like any other: this is as little the case as it is with men. Men and rivers have much in common. Rivers were for many centuries the highways that brought men together, enabled them to exchange ideas, and spread what culture they possessed. In return men did much to improve these highways, in their own interests, by damming here, by strengthening the banks there, by removing obstacles, and by generally making the river subservient to their ends. To arrive at the river's opinion on the subject of improvements you must listen to its voice—and any river of importance has much to tell you. In the turmoil of the short day that mortals live upon the banks of a great river that voice is scarcely heard: it may seem to be but a gentle, persistent swirling sound, almost monotone. But wait till the day's work is done, till the river is left to itself, and in its voice you will distinguish strong cadence, dormant passion, and a depth of wisdom in its utterances.

In order to thoroughly enter into sympathy with a

great river you should trace its course from source to sea, should mark the accidents that attend its rise, follow its devious course through boyhood and manhood, and, hat in hand, watch its waters merge into the ocean. Every river takes its course, works out its own destiny, and is therefore fit subject for observation, for careful study. And how their characters vary! Who would suppose that the Rhine, rising out of a glacier, pure as crystal, rioting through rocky gorges, bubbling over stones through glorious mountain ranges, would turn into a stream of great (and commercial) respectability? But this is so. After one last and glorious plunge the Rhine gets into harness, carries ships down to the sea and rafts of logs from the distant legend-haunted Black Forest, mirrors factory chimneys as well as ancient fanes and crumbling ruins in its waters, even turns the beauty of its scenery, its many castles and relics of less ordered but more romantic days, into a source of revenue. In short, the Rhine, that hardy mountaineer, develops a most pronounced business capacity. A close neighbour of the Rhine, the Rhone, turns away to warmer lands, and is no doubt as full of interest. The author is, however, not acquainted with that river, and herewith informs any enterprising publisher of the fact that he would wish to become so acquainted.

The Danube is the aristocrat of rivers. No struggling to find its way out of glacial durance, called forth by the rays of the sun, no desperate encounters with rocks and boulders in earliest infancy, no fierce struggle with the little streams that merge, vanquished, into the stronger. No, the Danube rises under the best auspices, and has everything made easy for it, at least in its infancy, for in after-life it has also to submit to troubles and vicissitudes, and has its compensating triumphs to record. The Danube's cradle is under the shadow of a stately castle, and is guarded by a church. These buildings form the

centre of a small town called Donaueschingen ; for be it known that the Danube is called Donau by those that live upon its banks—at least in the German-speaking countries through which it flows.

The Danube rises, as has already been stated, in circumstances most suitable for a highly aristocratic river ; in the garden of a palace, it bubbles out gently at the bottom of a deep basin, swirls round with proper decorum, and then glides out at a fairly spacious opening to traverse the garden, under shady trees. It does not hurry unduly, but takes sufficient time to mirror in broken reflections (it is yet young and unused to this part of its duties) the handsome stone balustrade that surrounds its basin. Immediately over the source, and likewise imperfectly reflected, is an appropriate sculptured group : two ladies with each an arm extended over the infant stream, one lady draped, the other not so, and evidently meditating a plunge into the cool waters below ; a small boy sounds a conch between these two figures. The pedestal of this group bears the inscription, “ Donau-Quelle, 678 m. above sea-level, and 2,840 km. to the sea ” ; thus all doubts are dispelled—this is the source of the Danube.

It is as well that the newly risen river should be afforded an opportunity of reflecting, however imperfectly, such excellent samples of rococo taste, as castle, church, and sculptured group of Donaueschingen, for this will be its duty, and no doubt its pleasure, on many subsequent occasions.

To follow further the course of this interesting stream, it is necessary to leave its source, retrace your footsteps, cross a bridge, and walk along a river called the Brigach, until opposite those gardens the gates of which show “ Verbotener Weg ” as warning to the public, then search for the Danube again. You find him flowing gently into the Brigach, the exit likewise fashioned in appropriate style. Here the traveller may be assailed by doubt—

unfounded, for the river Brigach, of quite respectable size, does not absorb the infant Danube, but generously sets aside its own identity. *Noblesse oblige!* And yet another stream in volume equal to the Brigach, the Brege, joins on below the confines of the park, and so the Danube sets out upon his course.

These streams, the Brigach and the Brege, bring from their source in the Black Forest a store of legends of dark and distant days, and thus begins young Danube's educa-



tion. Many and wonderful are the tales, and great the store of history, of men and their strange doings, that pour in upon a river, as it gathers strength and rolls on towards the ocean to tell of all the wondrous things that have happened, to the sleepy waves, and wake them too to a sense of their own immensity.

Young Danube flows through an under-ground channel from its rococo basin to the Brigach, and as a matter of fact the name Donau is popularly not applied to the river until below the confluence of Brege and

Brigach. This is only right, for though the Danube is a river of lofty origin, the other two have had some experience of life, and are entitled to consideration; the Brigach, for instance, flows past such places of importance as Königsfeld, where is a colony of the Herrnhut community, and has witnessed the transfer of an old town, Villingen, to its present site, in 1119. The Brege, too, has tales to tell of delightful romps in the cool depth of the Black Forest, of how men make use of your young strength and light streets and houses by the power they draw from you. And the Brege has passed by Alt Fürstenberg, and so was the first to become acquainted with the serene family of that name, the family that built church and castle, and made smooth young Danube's earliest days.

By these means the infant stream is taught a certain sense of proportion, learns that there are others in this world also worthy of consideration, and is educated in the history of neighbouring states; and history is a source of great delight to those who are interested in men and their doings.

It is only natural that young Danube's earliest researches into history should be confined to purely local matters.

Shadowy figures walk the smooth paths of the castle garden on summer nights, ladies in hoops and patches, men in periwigs and resplendent waistcoats; these are they whose days evolved the style in which Prince Joseph Wilhelm Ernst of Fürstenberg caused church and schloss to be erected. These shades of dainty ladies and gallant gentlemen recall memories of those dear fantastic days when Prince Joseph Wenzel, himself no mean performer on the violin, encouraged music and founded an orchestra which charmed them with Mozart's graceful airs and Haydn's glorious *Creation*. Then followed Joseph Maria Benedict, who married a Hohenzollern, and whose

dilettante troupe of young men and maidens of his principality performed for charitable purposes, under the direction of the Princess herself. Among others this gracious company delighted an appreciative audience with Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*.

Mit Hochf. Fürstenbergischer Höchster Bewilligung wird heute von der hier anwesenden Gesellschaft deutscher Schauspieler aufgeführt:

Emilia Galotti

Ein Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen,
von dem berühmten Lessing.

Personen,

Emilia Galotti Mad. Illenberger.
[etc.]

Nachricht

Emilia Galotti vom Lessing!!!

Der Anfang ist um halb sechs Uhr.
Hohe Herrschaften zahlen nach gnädigstem Belieben.
Auf dem ersten Plaz 24 Kreuzer.
Auf dem zweyten Plaz 12 Kreuzer.
Auf dem dritten Plaz 6 Kreuzer.

Those graceful days have vanished, with the figures that adorned them, but they have left traces of their taste, for in the castle library you may find rich treasures, a collection of great beauty, including a fourteenth-century *Parsifal* and one of the earliest manuscripts of the *Nibelungenlied*.

Men and rivers, even the greatest and noblest, may yet conceal, deep down, atavistic tendencies. So when the winter winds tear up the valley through the bare branches of the trees, they carry wild tales and legends of former days. Of days when the Black Forest was untouched by the hand of man, when Donaueschingen was not, and in its place a swamp, hiding the Danube's source beneath

interlacing boughs of willows and tall reeds. Then came man and built himself dwellings on piles, and lived in some security from the wild animals, bear and wolf, that infested the encircling forests. But they were not safe from invasion by their fellow-men, and it is said that Vespasian's road led over the site of Donaueschingen. A German race, the Alemanni, or rather a mixture of several German races, settled here for a while, and left behind them tombs, covered with great slabs of stone, containing skeletons of big-boned men, and arms and rude ornaments. Those qualified to judge date these relics back to a period between the third and seventh centuries A.D.

Then history is silent for a while till Eschingen is mentioned as Esginga, the seat of a descendant of one Esko, and presented by King Arnulf to the monastery of Reichenau in the ninth century. Thereupon the monks of Reichenau installed a noble in a castle built for him, and made the place into a military station. Not till a widow, Barbara of Habsberg, and her sons Ulrich and Dietpold, sold Donaueschingen did it become the property of the princely house of Fürstenberg.

We have seen how much these princes have done for Donaueschingen, and the little State has been shorn of some of its glory, it has lost its independence. Its position as "*Reichsunmittelbar*," which means subject to the Imperial Crown only, went when it was merged into the Grand-Duchy of Baden; but the citizens of the little town are fully aware of its importance. They meet of an evening to discuss affairs, purely local as a rule, and drink excellent beer, brewed under Serene auspices, with the quiet and dignity becoming to those who live in a historic past and under the shadow of a great name.

While the burgesses of Donaueschingen are thus employed, Brigach and Brege have joined forces below the well-kept, really beautiful park (to which the public are admitted), have taken young Danube under their care,

even adopted his name and dropped their own identity. So as one Danube they wander on through the rich meadows, where little streams glide out from among the whispering rushes, with tales of those sad little folk, elves and gnomes and fairies. Poor little people! they rarely visit young Danube now, since bustling man drove them away into the depths of the forest to the rocky, fern-clad

nooks, where men can find nothing of which to rob them.

A smooth and easy infancy that of young Danube, but by degrees hills, rocky and wooded, close in upon him as he enters into boyhood. Turbulent streams of his own age come tumbling down from rocky heights to tell him of strange deeds by men that lived where now stand



hoary ruins. How one was good and kind to those who built their lowly huts outside the castle gates. . . . Of a fair lady who would visit the sick, and even stand sponsor to a flaxen-haired baby. And yet another foaming torrent tells of the wicked *Freiherren*, who waylaid peaceful merchant men, robbed and beat them, and cast them into dungeons hewn out of the rock of which the ruined tower seems to be a piece. Of how Sir Kurt defied the

Landgraf, being vassal to the Emperor only, and even laughed at the Imperial Eagle, till at last order was brought by means of gunpowder, and the grim castle fell a mass of crumbling ruins. The frightened souls that led a troubled life under the shadow of that castle breathed again ; some, more venturesome than others, took stones from the fallen masonry to build a church as thank-offering and houses for themselves. And now the church looks down upon a peaceful village, where peasants go about their business, ploughing the fields with slow-moving oxen.

Young Danube's experience of men and their ways grows with his progress. He passes out of green fields into mountain scenery, and out of the Grand-Duchy of Baden into a bit of Prussia. The change is noticeable



at once. No more meandering through pleasant meadows ; stern discipline is here enforced. The course he had chosen before men became aware of his existence remains the same, but it is strictly confined by massive banks of masonry. He may now and then assert himself, and in a tearing flood, fed by molten snow, he may overflow his banks and wreak destruction ; but these fits are short-lived, and he returns to bondage, is even forced to duplicate the work of his oppressor in the shining waters, to reflect a lordly castle that frowns down upon the landscape in true imperial fashion. Indeed, the castle (Schloss Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen) is of recent date ; but seen

under certain conditions from the river, and with an artist's licence, it is most imposing. And so it should be, for it is the point of culmination of a compact little Prussian



town, the capital of Sigmaringen, the land from whence the Hohenzollerns rose to their present proud position. This little country thrusts itself wedge-like between Baden

and the kingdom of Württemberg, and has no doubt suffered much in earliest days from the constant quarrels that raged about this neighbourhood for the possession of this, or the other desirable tract of territory.

On leaving the discipline of Hohenzollern and the surrounding heights Danube enters into the southern part of the Württemberg kingdom, having passed villages and hamlets with softer-sounding names than the traveller in Germany is wont to hear : Ehingen, Riedlingen, and others. Their individual history is obscure, but stirring events have happened in their neighbourhood, and, while northern Germany was impenetrable forest, civilisation was dispelling centuries of darkness here.

The Romans, no doubt, began the enlightening process, and traces of their splendid work yet remain in spite of the ravages of savage Teuton races that poured in here, and swept away whatever civilisation they found. But they in their turn, under the softening influence of Christianity, took up the work of progress and repelled other fierce races that followed after in search of booty. The greater part of the present kingdom of Württemberg was held by the Romans, who found the Suevi, a German tribe, in possession—they in their turn had forced a still older race into the mountains and forests to southward. The Romans guarded this colony by a wall called Limes, which from A.D. 150 extended from Jagsthausen via Öhringen to Lorch, and they called the territory thus enclosed *Agri Decumates*. The German colonists of Swabian origin adopted Roman culture, but in the third century hordes of Alemanni inundated the country. These again were conquered by the Franks, and their land added to the Frank Empire as Duchy of Swabia in the ninth century.

The name Württemberg derives from a Herr von Wirtineberg, who held a strong castle on the Rotenberg, near Stuttgart, in the eleventh century. The Imperial

Staufens gave to this noble great possessions and the rank of Count. His family succeeded in somewhat interrupted order, indulging in frequent conflicts with other nobles and rising townships; and even the founding of a University at Tübingen, which was no doubt a godly act, by Eberhard V., 1477, did not conciliate all the estates of this little realm. By this time the Counts of Württemberg had become Dukes, and Ulrich, first Duke of that name, found much difficulty in agreeing with the different sections of his subjects. He was extravagant, and this led to most unpopular taxation—and correspondingly popular insurrection. He was finally persuaded by his nobles (by means forcible) to grant a constitution, to levy no taxes, wage no war, without the consent of all the estates of his Duchy. In consideration of these concessions his debts of 950,000 florins were paid. Ulrich, however, was quite unable to keep out of trouble. His next action met with distinct disapproval; he killed a knight, one Hans von Hutten, with whose wife he had started a liaison. His own wife Sabina fled to her brothers, the Dukes of Bavaria, and they induced the Emperor Maximilian to outlaw Ulrich as murderer. Ulrich promptly assailed the town of Reutlingen, itself *unmittelbar*; but the Swabian League, to which the town adhered, and which was acting in the Emperor's interests, raised the siege, and, as reward for their troubles, sold Reutlingen to Kaiser Charles V. for 220,000 florins. No doubt a good price for a town in those days—only the transaction seems rather peculiar. The Emperor then made the town of Reutlingen over to his brother Ferdinand. In the meantime Ulrich, after varying fortunes, came into his own again; he had to recognise the supremacy of Austria, but somewhat discounted this act by joining the Reformation party. The dissolution of all monasteries in his Duchy brought him a handsome sum, which he devoted to building of schools for secular education.

The successors of Ulrich took no very active part in the Reformation movement, though Duke Johann Friedrich was accounted a member of the Protestant Union. This was sufficient reason for the troops of his most Catholic Majesty the Emperor to occupy all Württemberg territory after the battle of Nordlingen in 1637.

When Louis XIV. invaded Germany, Württemberg suffered with the rest, and that, and the extravagance of Eberhard Ludwig, who spent large sums on the building of Castle Ludwigslust for Countess Grävenitz, reduced Württemberg to sore straits. Another Duke, Karl Alexander, who had reverted to the Church of Rome while in the service of Austria, endeavoured to build up the Duchy's finances, and place them on a sounder basis. The results were not very obvious, except, perhaps, that his minister of finance, Süss Oppenheim, was hanged by Rudolf of Württemberg-Neuenstadt, guardian to his successor, Karl Eugen.

News of all these doings reached young Danube by many channels, and no doubt made him wonder at men and their strange ways. Later years brought yet greater trouble, for a strange race, speaking a foreign tongue, came in serried ranks and overflowed all Württemberg—Moreau and his army. Not only that, but by the order of the War-lord of this mighty host thousands of stout-hearted Swabians were torn from their homes to fight against their countrymen in distant Prussia, against Austria, and were led even to remote Russia to perish with the stranger Emperor's *Grande Armée*. For all these things was Württemberg raised to royal rank. Then, when the people of Germany turned against the oppressor and beat him at Leipzig, the Württembergers joined in with their Germanic brethren, and though there were subsequent dissensions, Württemberg again sent its contingent, a division, to join the host that crossed the Rhine and helped to reconquer Alsace and Lorraine.

All these things, and many more, swift-flowing Danube may tell you, if you listen carefully, as he winds from out of the rocky heights into gently undulating ground. He has so far not made acquaintance with any larger town, but yonder, beyond that wide sweep, a tall and graceful spire rises out of a mass of red roofs.

Danube hurries on, all eagerness ; for surely behind those ancient walls, under the shadow of that towering minster and in the old-world corners of the narrow streets, there must be much worth finding out. Echoes have reached him of brave doings in that town, and he has asked the storks that find their food in Donau-moos, about Riedlingen, for information. Of course the storks know an immense amount about the ways of men : they have travelled far and seen many of all races, they live on the top of human habitations, and add distinction where they build. But storks, like all the truly great and wise, are reticent ; so young Danube must hurry on to find out what he may of Ulm, the Reichstadt.



CHAPTER II



LM, *Unmittelbare Reichstadt*—a proud title which this town held for more than six hundred years. So the storks were quite right not to say anything about a place of such importance. They should have warned young Danube against rushing into this venerable city at his usual reckless pace, for Ulm has rested on its laurels for many years, has earned its rest, and should not be lightly disturbed. The turbulent young river sweeps round in a glorious curve, and is about to hasten breathlessly between the two towns—for there is a new Ulm on the southern bank—when a small but busy stream emerges from out an archway in the old brick ramparts and advises less haste. For this little stream, though its course is short, has great experience. It has passed through Ulm for many centuries, has, in fact, seen Ulm grow up full of promise and capable of anything. A note of sadness, maybe, in the voice of this stream ; for whereas in former days it was of great importance to the city, being a valuable factor in the making of linen, it has now been relegated to a state of less importance, and really serves only to add to the picturesqueness of quaint old gabled houses that hang fondly over it. With the discretion that comes of age and experience, this stream suggests that the tale of the city should be taken up by those who took an active part in its history. The walls begin, for they are nearest to the Danube, and it may be a long time before

the minster condescends to impart information. It is very old and venerable, and you must know it well before you may enjoy its confidence.

The walls, however, are old soldiers, and quite ready for a yarn. They are scornful of the present, no longer trim and taut, but covered with Virginia-creeper; and leisurely citizens take their evening walk along the rampart where formerly was heard the martial tramp of soldiers, the sound of footsteps hurrying to the defence. Ah! those were glorious days! It was aggravating in the extreme when Mack surrendered with his 23,300 men instead of trusting to those stout walls, and, as consequence, to be handed over bodily, with the town inside, from Bavaria to Württemberg. But that matters not now: the river gleams as brightly and the red roofs smile as pleasantly under the black and red of Württemberg as under Bavaria's blue and white, since men of Ulm went forth with all Germany to be avenged on the foe who forced Mack to surrender and thus lost the *Reichsfreiheit* of Ulm.

The walls found it less disgraceful to submit to Kaiser Charles V. Although he lived abroad so much, yet he was German by birth. It was the cause of the quarrel that was sadder almost than the war itself, for Ulm had taken kindly to the Reformation, and the step was not approved of by the Habsburg monarchs. Alas, that war of thirty years waged in the name of religion! Ulm's prosperity, great in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was swept away, and has never been quite recovered.

The walls were like to burst at times, when during those ages of prosperity factions and guilds found time to quarrel with each other, and fierce fighting took place within, and in and out of narrow streets, and under high overhanging gables. And at an earlier period still the town had formed an opinion of its own which happened to be at variance with that held by Henry the Proud, so

n 1134 he burnt it down for its adherence to the dying cause of the Ghibelines, the Hohenstaufens.

Although for many years before it had been capital of the Duchy of Swabia, its interest in emperors and their doings was intense, for *Reichsversammlungen* were held there by Ludwig the German; and such events add vast importance to a city.

The stream that sobs o' nights under the overhanging gables and joins the Danube underneath the walls can recall yet earlier times—the day of the Carolian era, when, in the ninth century, Ulm was first mentioned as a royal domain.

On better acquaintance the minster is pleased to add to the information already given. Not much, it is true, and that little purely personal. It talks of Master Ulrich von Ensingen and Matthias Böblinger, whose additions to its earliest state raised it from its first condition of simple late Gothic church to the prouder aspect of to-day. Again, the fact that it took nearly 590 years to complete adds dignity to this massive pile. The spire, the highest in all the land, was not finished till 1890, but then it rises five metres farther than that of Cologne into those “*heitere Regionen, wo die reinen Formen wohnen.*” Another choice of a way up (and down too) is suggested by the frescoes over the chancel arch. Here on one side the blessed are seen struggling up the narrow winding staircase of a round tower, whereas on the other side those whose state is never mentioned in polite society are hurled into the maw of a fearsome fiend. This instructive painting dates from 1471.

To add to the dignity of Ulm Minster you are privileged, in fact obliged, to pay 20 pfennig, before entering at all, and then you may pay yet another 50 should you choose to climb up inside the tower, and for 1 mark chancel and side-chapels are open to you. But the minster authorities know how to be generous—the public,

some of whom may possibly wish to enter for devotional purposes, are allowed to enter free on week-days between eleven and twelve, and on Sundays and the Church's feast-days after morning service. During these short hours the minster wears the kindly aspect it was wont to wear, it is again the Father's house.

Without the minster and all round it is the "Domplatz," closed in by quaint old gabled houses, whose windows, though they generally look down upon a very quiet scene,



may yet at times be seen in the light that rises from booths and stalls, and quaint corners echo to the sounds peculiar to the Fair, the *Kirmess*. There may be seen all manner of strange things—performing monkeys, a woman of monstrous size and condescending manner, and there is always a merry-go-round with its emphatic steam-driven organ. Good folk from the country round, from Bavaria across the river, flock in to see the sights, and stand in interested groups or stroll about among the booths where wonderful bargains offer.

Wonderful indeed they seem, but in the sober "next morning" light betray the attribute of most things—they are not what they seem. Old and new Ulm, which together became a *Bundesfestung* in 1866, still show strong evidence of military life. The old walls of Ulm stand yet and tell their story, the newer bastions of new Ulm, being as obsolete as their colleagues across the river, are vanishing to make way for modern dwellings built to resemble houses of four centuries ago; and at a distance, under a cloudy sky, the new buildings adapt themselves to harmonise with historic surroundings.

But our friend the river has been fretting at the stone banks that enclose his waters, and bids us leave this old city and hurry on to something new. Dividing at the arch of an old bridge, connecting Ulm with new Ulm, and joining forces beyond it with great and joyous swirlings and splashing, the Danube sweeps on toward the east. The way lies through a forest of birch and willow trees growing on swampy ground. The stream runs brightly through, stopping a moment to peep into some overgrown corner of the wood, or to throw up odds and ends of flotsam into the reeds. Beyond the wood are plains, and they are bordered by gentle, undulating heights, all cultivated and prosperous, with here and there a village or a little town. It all looks very peaceful in the sunlight, but the little streams that come gliding through the bushes have seen dark storm-clouds pass over from time to time, have had their purity defiled by the blood of man, and their banks rent and broken by hoofs of charging cavalry and the hurried steps of an army in flight.

For history has been at work in this country and has generally been more forcible than kind. Here, near the sleepy old town of Dillingen, Murat met the Austrians in battle in 1800, beat them and drove them into the swamps. Dillingen looked on at this event, unable to prevent or help, for its glory had long departed. It, too, was

Reichsunmittelbar, and boasted of a University founded by pious Otto, Truchsess-Waldburg, Bishop of Augsburg in 1549. There were Counts of Dillingen, beginning with Hugbold in the tenth century, and his descendant Hartmann I., who inherited the County of Kyburg, and was ancestor to Rudolf of Habsburg. Yet another Hartmann, fourth of that name, put his son, the Bishop of Augsburg, into Dillingen. It was for many years an episcopal residence, and shows remains of its former glory ; but the walls have fallen, the University was dispersed in 1804, and since then Dillingen has settled down to contented obscurity.

All round for miles the reeds wave in the breeze and the wind plays among the branches of willow-trees, turning silver leaves to catch and reflect the sunshine, while the river hastens smoothly onwards ; herons stand sentry in lonely places and kingfishers, flashing like jewels, dart into the still backwaters, returning to a hungry young family with some dainty, yet wriggling morsel. The river's tale goes on as he imparts it to the Evening Primroses that open their pale yellow blossoms at close of day, and gleam like fairy candles in the gathering gloom. *Nachtkerzen* they are called, and no doubt they serve that purpose to the moths that gather round them. They, too, have memories of a distant land, faint memories of huge trees and dismal swamps, and a long sea-voyage ; for they came in ships from America, and how their seed was spread about is a secret told only to pixies and fairies, who, though having no soul, are yet full of understanding.

With the rising sun high towers, spires, and pinnacles show mistily above the silvery willows and rouse memories of martial doings. For here is Höchstädten, standing inland, and there is a sound of the tramping of feet and the ring of steel-clad hoofs. The lilies of France floating above ranks of glittering bayonets, with the Elector of Bavaria, pass by to attack the position held by Englishmen,

Germans, and Dutchmen, under Prince Eugene of Savoy, that noble knight, and Marlborough, whose strong-armed cavalry helped to win the first victory of the War of Spanish Succession, and effaced the memory of Count Styrum's defeat by Marshal Villars in the previous year. In German history this battle, fought on August 13th, 1704, is called after Höchstädt, whereas English histories name it Blenheim, after the little village of Blindheim, the position of Marlborough's troops.

There are not as many names capable of mispronuncia-



tion by the travelling Briton in this part of Germany as you may find elsewhere. Still it was possible to turn Blindheim into Blenheim. Most German names lend themselves well to this process, and perhaps the happiest is the perversion of Rüdesheim on the Rhine to Rudisham, suggesting Kentish hop-fields and discomfort on a southern railway.

Memories of the War of Spanish Succession cluster about this tract of country. At Donauwörth again, or rather on the Schellenberg near by, French and Bavarians again suffered defeat.

Historians, whether English, French, or German, have never really done justice to the motives that led to this war.

Charles II. of Spain was childless, the Habsburg line was thus threatened with extinction in Spain, and the question of a successor occupied the Courts of Europe.

Three reigning families generously offered to fill the vacant throne with a relative. Louis XIV. of France proposed his grandson, Philip of Anjou, as Louis's wife was a daughter of Philip IV. of Spain. Emperor Leopold I. of Austria (himself a grandson of Philip III. of Spain, and husband of Philip IV.'s younger daughter) offered his younger son Charles, and the Bavarian Elector, not willing to be behind the others in magnanimity, was prepared to sacrifice Prince Joseph Ferdinand as wearer of the troubled crown of Spain.

It is not usual, among private individuals, to quarrel about the acceptance of a handsome present, or to fight in order to prove generous sentiments. But in statecraft these things are managed differently, and a conflagration was spread over many parts of Europe, leaving Spain, the country most concerned, the least affected by the hand of war. Matters were not improved one whit by the death of the Bavarian sacrifice, and fighting proceeded. English troops landed in the Netherlands, advanced up the Rhine, from victory to victory, and moreover earned for themselves a reputation for steady discipline and good behaviour, as well as for valour in the field.

Prince Eugene of Savoy went over to Austria, hastened to join forces with the Duke of Marlborough, and together and singly, they crowned former achievements with fresh laurels. Oudenarde and Malplaquet are names blazoned on the colours of many British regiments.

Spain did not escape scot-free, for English and Dutch destroyed a Spanish fleet in Vigo harbour. Archduke Charles invaded Spain and possessed himself of several

provinces. The lasting result of England's participation in that war was the conquest of Gibraltar.

To further pursue the history of Spain is not within the province of this book, so we will return to our restless, impatient Danube, and Donauwörth, that stands upon its banks, and would fain take us further back into history. For there are records here of very ancient history, the ruins of castle Wörth, built about 900 by Hugbold, Count of Dillingen, with whom we are acquainted. His great-grandson Mangold renamed it Mangoldstein, and when this race died out the hapless house of Hohenstaufen came into possession, but lost it when Konradin's fair head fell to the executioner in Italy.

When the sun sinks into the west, the shadow of a tall cross falls athwart the ruins of Mangoldstein. Behind the cross is a tablet of comparatively recent date, no earlier than 1834, but relating a tragic story of some five hundred years ago. They are sacred to the memory of a wronged wife, Maria of Brabant, whose husband, Count Ludwig the Cruel, in a fit of baseless jealousy, caused her to be beheaded. They were stern stuff, those men of the house of Wittelsbach who came into possession of Bavarian lands at the end of the twelfth century, and whose direct descendant to-day wears the royal crown, albeit Prince Luitpold is regent for Otto I., son of the brilliant King Ludwig, Wagner's patron, who sought death by drowning.

Otto von Wittelsbach, Count of Scheyern, of ancient Bavarian race, was the founder of the present dynasty. He followed on a line of truculent Welfs, whose quarrels with the gentle Waiblingen made history for several centuries. Henry the XII., the Lion, the last Welf to rule over Bavarian territory, laid the foundation of Bavaria's present capital, Munich, but failed to agree with the Emperor and was outlawed by the Reichstag at Regensburg in 1156. He took the fortunes of his family elsewhere, and a descendant of his line sits on the throne of England.

A proud and truculent race of rulers these Welfs, who reigned over varying portions of Bavaria from 1070, when Otto von Nordheim had to make way for Welf I. Then followed yet another Welf II. of that name, then Henry the Black and his son Henry the Proud, outlawed by Konrad III., who conferred these lands upon Leopold of Austria, and his son Henry XI., yclept "Jasomirgott," from the asseveration that accompanied his every utterance, and with Henry XII., the Lion, the Welfs were reinstated by Kaiser Frederick I., but only for a very short space of time.

Among the experiences of Donauwörth, raised to the dignity of Reichstadt by Albrecht I., should be mentioned, that Charles IV. pawned it to Bavaria, but Duke Ludwig the younger remitted the mortgage. Neither did Donauwörth avoid trouble in those stormy days of Reformation, to which it took kindly though with a zeal far too great for public safety in those times. The burgesses of Donauwörth interfered with the processions of their Catholic fellow-citizens, no doubt with vigour, and for this offence the whole town was outlawed. Duke Maximilian of Bavaria was instructed to carry this sentence into effect; he occupied the place in 1607 and prohibited Protestant worship. Thereupon the Swedes, under the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus, swept down upon the city, and stormed it, only to render it a prey to the same painful experience at the hands of the Bavarians a few years later. French and Bavarians, Marlborough and Ludwig of Baden, with their armies, added to the troubles of Donauwörth, and Mack met with his wonted ill-fortune near here, opposed to Soult in 1805.

But we must hurry on, for a strong voice is calling to us from some miles to eastward.

It is the river Lech. "Listen to me," says the voice to young Danube; "for I come from the mountains,

from a clearer, cleaner world, and am fresh and strong with the water from molten snow. I have burst through the dams that men built to impede my progress, to use my strength to their own ends.

"I have spread my swift-flowing floods over their fields, have rent up their crops by the root, and carry sweet-smelling hay with me to scatter it broadcast wherever I choose.

"Their bridges—pah! I defy them—their bridges no longer afford them safe passage across my strong current.

"Bridges that carry foul, reeking machines from one end of the land to the other—and cars that contain dull-eyed mortals who think they may tame an immortal.

"Men—I defy them, for do I not know them and their brief day? Have we not seen them pass, brother Danube, pass in their thousands, and die in a day, in their thousands, like the flowerets that grow in the shade and wither under the life-giving rays of our father the sun? Of all the broad fields that I traverse they would leave me nought but a narrow bed, and try to console me by naming one strip, the Lechfeld, the least pleasant, after me, the owner of all.

"What have we not seen of men and their doings, brother Danube?

"First came that longheaded race, slight of build and reticent, Celtic of race, and their tribes by the Romans called Vindelicii. Unable to govern themselves, as men say of the Celts, those Romans ruled over them, built strong places and roads, and hampered even our freedom, thinking they were building for all time. Yet came others, Teuton of race, forbears of those who now live on our banks, and in torrents as mighty almost as yours and mine, brother Danube, they swept over the land working havoc and breathing destruction. Marcomanni, Quadi, men from Bohemia, Boihæmum, Bojarland, or whatever they called it, at any rate now called Bavaria.

They settled, and built them strong cities to dwell in. Dukes and kings ruled over these Baiwaren and led them to battle. Well I remember Garibald, first of that name, of a race of mortals called Agilofinger. He joined forces with Anthari, King of the Lombards, and fought for freedom against those Franks that extended their empire to lands of yours, brother Danube, lands that rise up from your northern shore into the forests whence babbling brooks bring you news of Saxons, and others who also waged war with their neighbours.

“Then the Franks conquered and Tassilo ruled in our country, then fought and fell under the onslaught of the Avari. Yet another Garibald came into power, as he thought, and monks from Burgundy baptized men in my waters. Though the cross rose white against my forests, yet men fought on for those few days of power that are their lot if they prove a little stronger than their fellows. Odilo, who sought to gain by dissensions among the sons of Charles Martel, was vanquished on my banks, and forced to surrender Franconia to the victor. All these events are as the happenings of yesterday to me, yet by the life of men they are accounted long ago, from five to seven centuries. Man thinks himself secure, then comes one stronger than he, and fierce fighting starts again.

“Dost remember, brother Danube, how I flung corpses down across the marshes? Bodies of those fierce Hungarians that swarmed along your banks from far away, from your eastern plains, Markgraf Luitpold met them in the field, and those wild horsemen raced westward over his dead body. But they, too, met their fate on my banks, and the Lechfeld was the limit of their westward move. Strife and turmoil, and revolt against the Emperor's authority, formed the history of many years.

“But things have changed, the doings of those days passed into history, and I am left with trammelled forces.

“The railroad, though from time to time I may disturb it, carries its smoky burden across my glittering path, and dull-eyed travellers glance out upon me, then turn their thoughts away to their own trifling business. So let me join you, gentle brother Danube, and add my strength to your strong-flowing current. Let us move on among the haunts of men, and watch our opportunity of making history once more.”

Greatly strengthened by such a powerful ally as the Lech, the Danube, in youthful vigour, rolls on through the gently undulating hills of Franconia on one side, leaving the swampy district Donau-moos behind it on the other.

The river here greets an old acquaintance, Ingolstadt, whose rise from hamlet to small town, from that to *Freie Reichstadt* fills up ten centuries of history.

The earliest days of the ninth century found a small township existing there; it grew in importance, then waned again, and is now one of the sleepy little towns that add an old-world dignity to the river's banks. It was, indeed, a place of some importance, for the Dukes of Bavaria—Ingolstadt, then Landshut, and last Munich—lived here, and two of them, Stephan and Ludwig the Hunchback, are buried in the Frauen Kirche.

From 1392 to 1563 the city was a ducal residence, and during the later years of this period was endowed with a Jesuit College, and also strongly fortified. The fortifications proved of use against the army of the Smalkaldic League, and defied its onslaught in 1546. Again was Ingolstadt besieged by Gustavus Adolphus, while Tilly, the Austrian general, was dying of his wounds within the walls. Austria occupied the fortress on several occasions during the eighteenth century, and Moreau raised it in 1800. Yet once more a girdle of stout defences was drawn around the city by Ludwig I., King of Bavaria. But the glory had departed. The University,

founded by Ludwig the Rich in the fifteenth century, got into the hands of the Jesuits, the four thousand students of the sixteenth century dwindled away ; the foundation was then transferred to Landshut, and later and finally to Munich, and of Ingolstadt's stirring histories little evidence remains but a bit of crumbling wall, or an ancient gateway.

The river wanders on through rich pastures and fields of standing corn, to the left the rolling highlands of Franken, as its name implies once a portion of the Frank Empire, and acquired in battle by Charles Martel from Hubert, the Bavarian Count.



Tucked away in the folds of undulating ground are pleasant, prosperous villages, and quaintly uniformed postillions carry news of the great world to these secluded places. Here and there inland stand ruins of strong castles, Pappenheim amongst others, where was born Gottlieb Heinrich von Pappenheim, the famous leader of the Emperor's heavy cavalry during the terrors of the Thirty Years' War.

Other wars have passed in devastating waves over this fair country ; of these the saddest were perhaps the wars that followed on the French Revolution. Moreau, after beating an Austrian army at Hohenlinden, occupied Bavaria, that delectable land the County Palatine on the Rhine, also a possession of the house of Wittelsbach, lost with those of Julich and Zweibrücken. Worst of all, Bavaria entered into an alliance with the French. Then France made some display of gratitude, and gave to Bavaria the bishoprics of Würzburg, Bamberg, Augsburg, Freising, a part of Passau, Eichstätt, twelve abbeys and fifteen *Reichsunmittelbare*

towns—in all some 900,000 souls. The Peace of Pressburg brought Bavaria yet more territory and to her ruler regal style and title. King Maximilian I., Joseph, reigned over Bavaria as independent sovereign, undertaking to supply Napoleon's armies with 30,000 stout Bavarians for all his wars. But this was not enough to reinforce the legions that trampled down the prosperity of German-speaking countries to gratify one man's insane ambition; others, in



large bodies, were torn from the highlands and lowlands of Bavaria.

But the days of liberation for all Germany were drawing near; after the defeats at Dresden and Leipzig the eagles of France were driven out of Germany, and 36,000 Bavarians, under General von Wrede, marched to the river Main in support of other German armies.

Where the hills close in on every side, leaving a broad bed for the swift-flowing river, Ludwig, King of Bavaria, caused a monument to be erected. It stands high upon

a hill, this splendid building, the "Befreiungs-Halle," and offers a glorious view of a fair country, the silver belt of the winding river, wooded slopes on either hand, with here and there the broken remnant of a ruined tower. An epitome of history lies at the feet of the Befreiungs-Halle: Kelheim, with a tower built by the Romans, and other traces of their power; the pleasant woods that approach close to the outskirts of the town, the trees thereof descendants of those which, massed together, made the dense forests through which Suevi, Bajovari, and Alemanni forced their way, dispossessed the Romans, and settled in their stead. And then a wider view, over the ruined castles of the feudal times; and there to eastward gleam the spires and roofs of a city, great and glorious in history and beautiful in itself. Again, the Befreiungs-Halle, with its memory of thousands who were forced to fight in a strange cause, and then, with a mighty effort, broke from the tyrant, and, with the giant power of a united nation, threw him from his seat and freed their land from alien oppression. And yet again immediately below, an ancient water-way, the Altmühl, walled in and regulated, now forms the junction between Danube and Rhine, the Ludwig Canal, connecting ultimately west and east, the North Sea and the ancient Pons Euxinus.

The river is swiftly moving on, in broad and sweeping curves, extending from west to northward, towards the fair city we have seen from the Befreiungs-Halle—a much sedater river, grown to manhood, and aware of its place in the order of things, for it already carries goods in the service of man, and is sensible of his gratitude.

In the swirl of the stream that carries us swiftly onward, there is a sound as of a pleasant looking forward, of well-bred joy; and it is seemly so, for we are approaching that fair city, great and glorious in history, beautiful in itself, a pearl in the bright string of gems that adorns this river's banks—Regensburg (Ratisbon).

CHAPTER III



OWN, deep down into the records of the doings of men must you delve, if you would follow the history of Regensburg from earliest days. No one with even the faintest conception of sites suitable for settlement could pass by the spot where the Danube penetrates farthest to the north before resuming its eastward trend. There two other rivers meet and merge their waters

in the Danube—the Nab from the north, the Regen from the south and after the latter Regensburg derives its name. Ancient roadways led down the valleys of these rivers, and where they crossed arose a city.

Ere history became a study to occupy the minds of men, Saga was busy at this meeting of waters, valleys, and roadways, and placed a Celtic city here, Radasbona ; and Ratisbon, a corruption of that name, is to this day more familiar to English-speaking races than the German one of Regensburg. Of this mythical Celtic town nothing remains but a tradition dating back to centuries before men began to limit time and record their own deeds. Stone weapons and implements have been found here, and these

were fashioned some two or three thousand years before the birth of Christ. Whatever there was of civilisation in those misty ages was swept away by others that came after. It is not to be imagined that the Romans passed by this favoured spot when, about the year 14 B.C., they first extended their frontiers to the Danube. Of early Roman work nothing remains, but of their settlement, Reginum, Castra Regina, there are yet glorious relics in this venerable city. Walk through the narrow streets at night by the light of the moon when long shadows fall across the pavement; turning, you come upon a tower and gloomy archway, both built of huge blocks of stone battered and weather-worn, and still imposing. It may be some haunting memory of a previous existence, it may be some trick played by the moon's pale rays, but a silent figure, steady, unmoving, stands by the gateway. Crest of helmet, point of spear relieve the tense darkness of this form, wrapped in his military cloak: it is the Roman sentry, famous in history. He has resumed his post here while the city of undying memories is wrapt in sleep; a soldier of the 3rd Italian Legion, and he stands sentry at the Porta Prætoria, for within slumber the memories of his august commander, here are the headquarters of his legion. Behind the Castrum, and to westward, lay the town itself with its theatre, its baths, and public places of amusement. Away to eastward by the military road, *Via militaris Augustana*, leading to Straubing, which the Romans called Serviodurum, six thousand tombs from time to time discovered, give evidence of the size and importance of Castra Regina. These tombs are mostly of a later, early Christian era, when burial superseded cremation, and they are very varied. A simple urn guarded by a poor brick enclosure, or here a mighty coffin hewn out of stone, the last resting-place of some one of importance in his day. In yet another little tomb a mother's hand had laid a toy, a favourite plaything, and

under yonder heavy slab with its inscription telling that one of the noblest of their citizens here lies buried, arms lie beside the skeleton of a big-boned man.

For four centuries the Romans held their sway, then came high-flowing tides of fierce and ruthless warriors, pouring down in thousands from over the mountains, out of primeval forests, into the smiling plains below. They dashed their souls out against the massive walls, yet others followed on, and one by one the settlements and Roman castles fell before the onslaught.

Where iron failed the Cross succeeded. Alemanni and Ostrogoths abandoned their wild, nomadic life and settled in the places they had destroyed. So ancient Reginum blossomed forth again as a fair city, and, in the sixth century, became the seat of the Bavarian Dukes. From here, too, holy men, Rupert and Emmeran, spread Christianity.

Yet the turbulent Germanic spirit, though tamed and disciplined to some extent by peaceful doctrine, flared up from time to time. The Bajovari took by no means kindly to the Franks, and Tassilo II., their Duke, lost throne and freedom by his resistance to that western power. Charlemagne, greatest of Franks, and self-styled successor to the Roman Cæsars, had so far convinced the Bajovari that he was able to make Regensburg his residence, and with his son Ludwig marched from here against the Avari; Fastrada his wife here awaited his return.

This was the seat of government when Ludwig the German reigned over the East Frankish Empire, and here in 826 he built himself a palace. His successors of the Carolingian House resided here and added greatly to the welfare and importance of this the capital of their Kingdom, by endowing monasteries and encouraging trade.

All promised well in those far-distant days of Char-

lemagne's successors ; but when the sceptre passed from the hands of that once mighty race of rulers disorder reigned again. Bavarians, Saxons, Franks, and Suabians detached themselves from the crumbling Empire of the West and returned to their former state of independent bodies. Arnulf the Duke, son of Count Luitpold, who fell fighting against the Hungarians, managed to check the inroad of these barbarians in the east, but he declined to recognise the authority of Konrad, King of the Germans ; so fierce struggles centred round the city, held at one time by the King, at another retaken by the Duke.

Then came another German King, Henry, Duke of the Saxons, and at a meeting without the city walls his eloquence persuaded the Bavarian Duke to unite with him against the Kingdom's external enemies.

But Arnulf's son and successor, Eberhard, also refused to acknowledge the newly elected King, Otto I., so he suffered defeat and banishment for his recusancy, and brought further troubles upon the town of Regensburg.

Centuries passed in constant conflicts round the walls of Regensburg, and frequent changes of rulers were imposed upon the city. A Saxon Duke reigned for a while, and failed to maintain order. Another German King, Henry II., ruled over the fortunes of Regensburg wisely and well, and the gentle arts awoke and adorned the city. With this King the Saxon dynasty died out, and the Kaiser of the time or some near relative of his held sway, until in 1070 the family of Welf (Guelf) came into possession. But a lasting peace came not with them, for their historic quarrels with the Ghibellines brought times of stress and sieges for the city.

An historic, heroic figure, Frederic Barbarossa, passed over the stage of this fair city's history. He meant well by the family of Welf, but Henry the Lion, of that race,

to whom he had granted the Duchy of Bavaria, would not give up the eastern marches of his land; so he was dispossessed again, and our old acquaintance, Otto von Wittelsbach, replaced him.

A few years after this event, in 1189, bodies of armed men, large and small, on horseback and on foot, came from down the valley from the west, came over the mountains from the north, out of the forests to the south, and camped outside the city walls. Their numbers grew, and one and all wore on his clothing, and blazoned on his shield, a cross. Then, on an April morning, the watchers on the city ramparts saw this vast host march onward, toward the eastern sun, and at its head their Emperor, Frederic of the Red Beard, "*Römischer Kaiser, Deutscher Nation.*" But few returned, and among them was not Barbarossa. 'Twas said he met death in a little stream of Asia Minor, but folk knew better. He lived, but in strict seclusion, far away in a castle among the Thuringian Mountains. His long red beard had grown, had grown through the table at which he sat, dreaming of a united Germany great and free. His dream came true, for after many years he reappeared in the person of a northern German monarch, and led an armed nation across the Rhine to victory.

Another host gathered under the walls of Regensburg two centuries later. They turned their faces to the east and marched away into the morning. They met their enemy Bajazet, the victorious son of Othman, at Nicopolis—and went under in a sea of blood.

Having risen to power and prosperity under the Kaiser, Regensburg's next ambition was to become independent of all but the supreme authority, and to this end the quarrels between Dukes and Bishops lent assistance. Whereas both these parties grew weaker through constant friction, the power of the town increased. What a change had come over the spiritual heads of the Church

since Boniface founded the Bishopric in the eighth century ! The bishop's crook stood by neglected, when doughty prelates sallied forth, sword in hand, to lead their neighbours to a better way of thinking, but that way being consistent with their graces' interests only. Now, war is an expensive pastime, and even Bishops had to pay for their amusement in those days (as they do to this day, though tastes in that respect have changed). Of course the quarrels between Emperor and Pope gave an excuse for taking to the weapon the use of which brought St. Peter such grave reprimand. Some one had to pay, and as the Bishops did not always find it convenient to do so in hard cash, they had to give or pawn concessions to the burgesses who found the money. No record is left of any such pledges having been redeemed, so the citizens of Regensburg maintained the rights then gained, and finally attained to the height of their ambition through the privileges bestowed upon the city by Frederic, second Kaiser of that name.

The Regensburgers ordered their own affairs, held their own councils, and became not only a power in the land, but an example to other towns which, having gained their freedom, modelled their constitution on the lines of Regensburg. Commerce flourished, and gold and precious stones flowed in to adorn the dress worn in those days of solid splendour. The monks of St. Emmeran made a rich purple pigment out of an insect (*Coccus polonicus*), which peasant communities of the neighbourhood were taught to breed for the city mart. Arms and armour, the work of Regensburg craftsmen, became famous throughout the Empire ; the city's trade extended far afield, even to Italy, Russia, and the distant East.

But the fourteenth century brought war and its accompanying troubles. Trade suffered by a deflection of the route to Venice and Genoa via the cities of Suabia, and Regensburg fell from its high estate. It was even brought

so low as to submit of its own accord to Albrecht the Wise, of Bavaria. But the Emperor considered this as revolt against the Holy Roman Empire, outlawed both Duke and city, and enforced his opinion by armed force. Further troubles within the city walls arose like echoes of the strife that tore the Empire to pieces and led to at least one inexcusable act, the persecution of the Jews, whose quarter was destroyed, their synagogue demolished, to be replaced by a chapel dedicated to "Mary the Beautiful." A year afterwards the Reichstag held at Regensburg, at which Melanchthon held forth on Martin Luther's doctrines



and could count on a large adherence, this chapel became the Protestant place of worship, now known as the Neupfarrkirche. Those stormy days have passed, and the traveller who wends his way across the Neupfarrplatz of a morning may find it occupied by market-women carrying their country produce in quaint baskets slung on their backs or selling what they have under the shadow of vast umbrellas. It is a serious business, laying in the day's provisions, and frugal housewives find it exhilarating, to judge by their look of settled satisfaction as they themselves carry home their purchases,

leaving the patient Dienstmann in yawning unemployment.

Yet it was many years before religion ceased to serve as excuse for warfare waged for personal ambition.

The gathering clouds of the Thirty Years' War cast their shadows before them, and even the three Reichstags held between 1600 and 1612 were unable to dispel them. Only the distant rumbling was heard, and in a false sense of security the city revelled in a resplendent gathering of Princes at which Maximilian of Bavaria was raised to the dignity of Elector. From Regensburg it was that the Emperor's decree went forth depriving his most fortunate and perchance most ambitious General, Wallenstein, of supreme command over the Imperial forces ; and this decree no doubt hastened the steps of those who crept up the dark staircase and down the gloomy passages at Eger, to rid their Emperor of the man he feared.

Signs and wonders appeared in the heavens : three suns were seen together between nine and eleven one February morning in 1633, and wiseacres shook their heads and prophesied evil ; and evil came with Bernard of Weimar and his Swedes. He totally destroyed the suburb Stadtamhof, across the Danube, and Regensburg might have met the same fate but for a timely surrender. The Kaiser's army forced the Swedes to retire the following year ; but yet more terrible enemies visited the city—hunger and pestilence.

The town revived when, in 1663, the Reichstag met again and declared itself permanently settled here. Electors, Princes spiritual and temporal, in great numbers, assembled here and took up their abode in a street still known as the Gesandtenstrasse. But even this permanent Reichstag was unable to ward off war and its attendant troubles, and the Bavarians took possession of the city in course of the War of Spanish Succession.

Another war, that of the Austrian Succession, about which we shall have much to say when the Danube takes us on to Austria, caused further alarms, and frightened the *Gesandte* into transferring the Reichstag to Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

All these troubles agitated the good citizens considerably, and a dangerous spirit of unrest and discontent informed them. This led to a decree by the wise men of the city, the councillors stating that "all good burghers are reminded and warned against forming any opinion on the doings of the great, or affairs of State, such being above their comprehension. Rather, instead of concerning themselves with events that are moving the great world, they should attend to the little details of their work and devote attention to their business." Truly words of wisdom which would hardly be acceptable even to an English village of the present day.

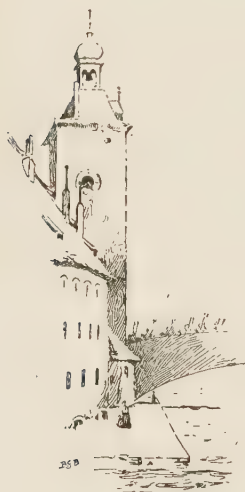
Before Regensburg could enter into a period of protracted peace and quiet the waves of war passed by once more.

The Holy Roman Empire was shattered when the armies of Napoleon passed that way, and Regensburg was handed over to Bavaria as reward for assisting France. French and Bavarians stormed the city and took it. One half of the city was destroyed by fire, the other plundered by the French. It was said that Napoleon bore a grudge against the city near which he, the man of battles, received his only wound. A stone on which tradition placed him to be bandaged was offered for sale to Napoleon III., but he declined it.

Since those days Regensburg has developed in peace though its citizens have sent their sons to war at the call of the Fatherland. Others are preparing for war in order that peace may be maintained, and the light blue Bavarian uniforms may be seen about the streets, or now and then a squadron of cavalry, clad in dark green, riding in at

one or other ancient gateway, with fluttering lance pennants, blue and white.

Some wiseacre once remarked that travel improves the mind, and it is satisfactory to think that this individual must have found it so, or he would surely not have conceived so great a thought. Others have said it after him, and let us hope that they, too, speak from experience. Let us descend to lower levels, and boldly and unblushingly state that travel whets the appetite not only for



mental nourishment, but food—real, solid food—may even in some cases encourage an honest thirst not only for knowledge, but for liquid refreshment, cool and clear. All these are to be had at Regensburg, and it is only fair to this great historic city to state that the demands of bodily comfort are generously provided for the traveller. Specialists in this line will no doubt sample every house of entertainment, and their ripe opinion is as worthy of consideration as that of specialists on other matters.

Authors and artists, though their pursuits may be attended by healthy appetites, are not as a rule in a position to specialise on matters gastronomic, as many of the conditions, time and means to wit, are not within their reach. This author thereupon chose a hostelry with an enticing name, "Zum Grünen Kranz," and there found all that he desired: not only food and refreshment for his harassed body, but also the proper atmosphere for one who wishes to explore an ancient city. The house itself is ancient and historic, a former town-house of the family of Stauff, and good Sir Bernhard of that name, Freiherr von Stauff, resided here. It was during the Reformation era, and when the Reichstag sittings of 1526-41 were

in progress, that Bernhard von Stauff assembled those who had adopted Luther's doctrines, and here in this building his pastor preached to the faithful, and administered the holy rites before the Council, most of whom inclined to the new doctrine, gave up the Church of "Mary the Beautiful" to Protestant worship. True, the building was burnt down in 1684, but has arisen from out the ruins, and is now as good a place to be in as ever it was before, if not even more so.

When approaching an ancient city, whether actually or historically, you first get general outlines, then these take definite shape, and objects and facts stand out in fuller value, giving at the same time a more detailed account of themselves. And what delightful details they are! You go into the high places, see beauties of structure and design, and listen to tales glorious to hear. You peer into nooks and crannies, and they too have their gems to show you, and quaint, delicious little fragments of old-time gossip to impart. Do not the proceedings of our neighbours, our nearest friends and dearest relatives, give life to conversation at our tea-tables to-day? And are not the doings of men of long ago, albeit they were people of no such great importance as those that occupy our present thoughts, to full as interesting; in fact, more so, under the kindly mist that age has drawn between this time and ours, reducing events to their proper proportion?

So let us look at Regensburg in detail, look and listen. Ninety out of a hundred will turn their footsteps towards the cathedral that points, with glorious spires, to the sky. Beautiful without, of that elaborate Gothic dear to our own devout ancestors, this D.O.M., of which the foundations were laid in the twelfth century, is yet more beautiful within.

The first impression is of glorious effects of colour lightening the gloom that asks for reverence, the long

windows are a blaze of richest crimson, gold, and blue, and from out the chancel waves of sonorous harmony pour forth, and gently break against the massive piles of pillars and linger lovingly about tracery hewn in stone or carved in wood. Meister Ludwig is mentioned as the first architect, Konrad Roritzer, and Wolfgang, his son, continued the building in the fifteenth century, and finally under Ludwig I., King of Bavaria, whose statue stands outside the elaborate west entrance, the spires were completed.

A fitting place, this sacred fane, for great and memorable ceremonies; kings and emperors were crowned here. Unnumbered generations have worshipped here for close on seven centuries, thousands whose daily toil was lightened by the faith that is its atmosphere and by the promises those tapering pillars point to. And one or other of these thousands has stood out above his fellows in the world outside. That world has very soon forgotten him, though a faint but kindly memory of his name may linger on brass, or marble, in the cloistered seclusion of these walls.

A place of such antiquity as Regensburg, moreover the centre from which Christianity spread throughout Bavaria, would attract a number of those pious souls who take upon themselves the vows that bind monastic brotherhood. Of these some came from distant countries, as did Marianus, an Irishman, in the latter days of the eleventh century. Others of his countrymen followed him, and their numbers grew. Popes and emperors looked with a favourable eye upon them, so they increased in power and importance. They spread their influence over Germany, and founded other monasteries at Nuremberg, Würzburg, and Vienna. Eventually all the communities joined into one society ruled by the mother-church at Regensburg. Through all those years, and to this very day, those monks, their institutions, churches, were called



EAST WINDOW OF REGENSBURG CATHEDRAL.

Scottish by the people, and no amount of argument availed to correct the mistake.

So Irish monks had to submit to this mistaken appellation, in which, of course, no insult to either so clearly defined nationality is intended. Their church, dedicated to St. James, was built in the twelfth century, and money for the purpose was collected by the monks, many of whom went far afield—so Brother Maurice, who joined a party of Regensburg merchants bent on business to Kieff. A Russian potentate there was persuaded to devote his rich collection of furs towards the pious enterprise. The good monks worked with a will, and gave free scope to their Celtic imagination in decorating the graceful, Romanesque building with all manner of quaint designs, of beasts and flowers, seen at their best in the archway of the northern entrance.

Stern and uncompromising is the unadorned Gothic of another Brotherhood, the Dominicans. The chancel of this

church looks down upon a narrow lane, "Am Oelberg," and the wall below the shapely, narrow windows is festooned with roses, red and white, in sweet profusion.

In contrast to the mendicant order of Dominicans, stood an association of ladies of noble birth. The convent Niedermünster, opposite the "Grüner Kranz," was begun in the middle of the tenth century by Henry I., and completed towards the end of it by his wife Judith. An abbess built the present church in 1152, and succeeding




bearing the saint's name, raised it to atone for his son's treacherous murder of the holy man. St. Emmeran's monastery soon became the seat of learning for all Bavaria, for idleness was unknown under the stern rules of the Order of St. Benedict; and strong-minded Abbots like Garibald, Baturich, and Tuto saw to it that no one shirked his duty. St. Wolfgang, whose name means that a wolf encounters a young hero and promises him victory over all his enemies, lies buried in the Wolfgang's crypt under the church. In life he was beneficent, and after death this virtue had not departed from his memory. Throughout many centuries poor sinners prayed to him for intercession, and to this day pious souls prefer a like request. The wall by the stone staircase leading to his crypt bears offerings and written prayers, suitably framed; among these a quite recent one, in wool-work, yellow letters on a dark-red ground, the words:

ST. WOLFGANG!

Bitte um Rettung einer Seele!

(Pray for the salvation of a soul!)

CHAPTER IV

 HE while monastic life flowed smoothly in cloistered seclusion, the higher dignitaries of the Church concerned themselves with affairs of State. Emperors visited them, and high imperial doings gave occupation not only to lordly prelates, but also to the whole populace. Noble families that owned castles and estates beyond the city walls returned to their town-houses when such great doings were afoot. Of these houses some still stand in part and tell their story. There is, for instance, below the modern Erhardi house a spacious hall, the Dollingersaal, only remaining part of that family's town residence, dating back into the fourteenth century. Here you may find legendary history recorded, for the reliefs represent King Henry I., St. Oswald, England's King (though no mention of the business that brought him here), and above all the immortal combat between a Dollinger and Krako the Knight, a gigantic Hun. It was about 925 or 930 that this tremendous fight took place. Krako, his huge body, ten feet in height, encased in armour of elephant's hide covered with iron scales, challenged three knights to fight him, all at one time. Dollinger alone accepted the challenge. Twice his attack failed, and he was unhorsed ; but at his third charge King Henry held up a crucifix before his eyes. This broke the spell that had made Krako invincible ; Dollinger's lance pierced the giant's armour and laid him low. As was only seemly,

the giant's armour was presented to the nuns of Niedermünster, who, after centuries, gave it to Charles V. at his most urgent request.

Charles V., that gloomy, unhappy monarch, had, it appears, his lighter moods, and Regensburg was witness to them. During the troubled times of 1546, when religious strife began to rend Germany, and Melancthon disputed with Dr. Eck on matters of doctrine, the Emperor alighted at a house that still stands on the Haidplatz, a house with a strong tower, like a medieval castle, and for many centuries, from the sixteenth to the present, an inn—"Zum Goldenen Kreuz." Here Charles, over whose Empire the sun never set, in the midst of troubles, under gathering war-clouds, met Barbara Blomberg, and she found favour in his sight. A monument stands here raised to their son, the victor of Lepanto, Don Juan of Austria.

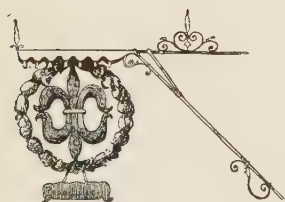
The Haidplatz now enjoys well-earned repose, and seldom witnesses anything more exciting than the homeward journey of belated revellers. But you should have seen the place in 1358 or 1393. The burgesses were levied and mustered some eight hundred strong. Mounted mercenaries, in all some twenty horses, paraded under the Burgomeister and members of the Council. Other mercenaries on foot did duty in full armour day and night, patrols marched through the streets and narrow lanes, and in other parts of the town trained bands stood to arms in case of any untoward happening. But why all this stir? Why "stand these horses ready dight?" From far and near nobles, knights of highest or lower degree, are coming hither to tourney. It does not speak well for the expected guests that such stringent preparations were made to welcome them, but then it was very necessary. As further precaution the gates were locked and manned, and those who gained admission on showing some permit (possibly a card of invitation) were obliged to give up their arms

to the landlord, until the time for their legitimate use arrived.

Then came the Dukes of the Bavarians, Johann and Albert, Hans and Ernst, the Counts of Leuchtenberg, of Schwarzburg, of Ortenburg, Pappenheimer and Königseck, and thousands of others whose names are long forgotten, or cling only to some heap of fallen masonry.

Here, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, 2,000 burgesses in resplendent armour lined the road their monarch, Charles V., took to his quarters—a sombre figure, all in black, riding a grey horse, amidst this glittering throng; and sombre of mind too. A captain and an ensign were minded to settle some dispute with

swords, here on the Haidplatz. The Emperor watched them from his window and ordered both to be beheaded within two hours. The reiterated request of the Counts, all on bended knee, at last prevailed, and saved the two.



When Emperors tarried at Regensburg all judicial power was in their hands; at other times the Town Council were the magistrates, and many, and sometimes quaint, were their decrees. Thus public servants were advised to go straight home after the day's work, and not to visit any hostelry on the way. Many devotees of the bottle, so-called *nasse Brüder* (moist brethren), were severely dealt with. One Michel Sieber, and several others of like kidney, were subject to the magistrates' displeasure; all landlords were forbidden, under penalty, to supply him and the others with drink on credit.

Thieves suffered the loss of an ear, or were even drowned, for their offences, and a small boy who stole a veil that adorned the image of the Virgin in the town was beheaded; yet it was found necessary to secure

valuable altar-pieces by means of chains. Deserters, too, were dealt with most severely, but one case of leniency at least is recorded. A youth had forfeited his life for this offence in 1559, but, as he was betrothed to a Nuremberg maiden, the elders of the city let him go free "in honour of the holy estate of matrimony." The bodily welfare of the people was also subject to consideration: a public drug-store existed as early as the fourteenth century, and in the middle of the sixteenth a decree forbade the consumption of those strange, unwholesome products, melons and potatoes!

So for many centuries the city fathers watched over their growing family, advising one and all to stay within doors after dark, for to be out after sunset savoured of roystering and wantonness; and those whose business took them abroad o' nights should carry a lantern. Street-lighting was subject to serious consideration, and not till the eighteenth century could such an innovation meet with approval. It was brought about by the experience of a horrified town-councillor who had discovered that, under cover of darkness, naughty youths committed gross offence by cutting off locks and pigtails from unoffending passers-by—even depriving ladies of their bonnets.

All this time the Danube had been watching us with interest, gleaming up at us as we pass by narrow streets that lead down to its bank. A river of such ripe experience has learnt to forgive, and can of course readily understand our lingering about a place as full of interest as Regensburg. But the gentle swirling of the stream reminds us of the distance we have yet to travel, and that there are many things of beauty and of interest that we must see, before our voyage ends on the waters of the Black Sea. The Danube points to the stone bridge that spans it, one of the wonders of the Middle Ages, the more so as in those days it carried three strong towers besides its usual traffic. Of these but one—on the south bank—is

left and close to it stands a place of interest, the "Wurstküche," for Regensburg has been celebrated for its sausages for many centuries; in fact, this comestible is surrounded by an odour of history rather than the one of which many suspect the sausages of other make. No



other sausage, perhaps, may boast of forming the subject of a poet's ebullition :

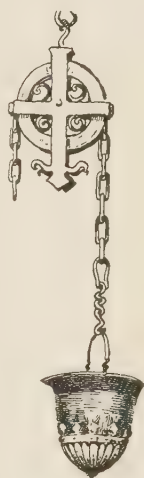
Hier wird sogar für Potentaten
Nie extra eine Wurst gebraten.

The one remaining tower on the bridge of stone

succeeded another, shot to pieces at the close of the War of Thirty Years, and looked down on the dealings between those who collected the city's toll from peasants who came across to sell their produce. This led to frequent quarrels with Bavaria, to which the town opposite, Stadtamhof, belonged. Stadtamhof was treated very much like a poor relation by the city, and Regensburg Town Council has even been known to interfere in the smaller towns' private affairs, even in trifles, and an attempt was made to prevent Stadtamhof bakers from making loaves of the same shape and size as those consumed at Regensburg.

But those quaint old days of limited local patriotism have passed. A newer, wider spirit of patriotism grew out of the troubled days that saw the birth of the nineteenth century, and away, down the Danube, overlooking the peaceful prospect, stands a monument to the spirit of German unity, a larger patriotism that made it possible, the Walhalla. The Danube leads us thither, past the little village of Donaustauf, still commanded by the ruins of its castle, Stauf. A strong place this was for many centuries, since Bishop Tuto built it in the tenth until the Swedes destroyed it in the seventeenth century. Its ruins stand as a memory of troubled times, during which the Bavarian Duchies were merged into one Kingdom, to be the first, under their high-souled king, to approve of one united German Empire.

Here close by rises that glorious building, the child of King Ludwig I.'s generous spirit, who, in the German nation's darkest days, foresaw the greatness of the present time—Walhalla, whither the ancient gods of Teuton lore retired to feast after a hard-won victory, now the temple sacred to the memory of Germany's greatest ones.



William, first German Emperor, Moltke, the mighty thinker, whose brain conceived the plans that led his King and Emperor's armies, the whole German nation, to victory, and with them many others of undying fame.

Dass Germania's spät'ste Enkel
Ihre tapfern Väter sehn;
Dass das Blut in ihren Adern
Wieder höher, heisser wallt,
Wenn der Klang der Jubellieder
Mächtig aus Walhalla schallt.

Around us at the foot of this hill are memories of another great German family, the Princes of Thurn and Taxis, well known to all philatelists. And memories of former days still linger all about us as the Danube carries us eastward, onward: Lichtenwald, a ruined stronghold, Wörth with its palace, property of Prince of Thurn and Taxis, Duke of Wörth, replacing a castle destroyed by the Swedes in 1634; Straubing, the ancient Serviodurum, an outpost of the Roman's *Castra Regina*.

And here at Straubing the Danube's voice drops to a gentle, melancholy key as memory recalls Agnes Bernauer, beautiful and unhappy, whose tortured soul found rest in the swirling waters. Albrecht III., of Bavaria, had married her secretly and they lived happily together at the Castle of Bohberg. But Albrecht's father, Duke Ernst, desired him to marry Anne, daughter of Duke Erich of Brunswick. Rumours had been set afloat, and Albrecht was denied admittance into an assembly of knights, for living in sin. He therefore acknowledged Agnes as his lawful wife. But Duke Ernst was not to be thwarted. During Albrecht's temporary absence Agnes was tried for witchcraft, and those who have ever heard of such trials know of the terrors which attended them. Of course she was found guilty, for who would run counter to Duke Ernst in his own country? Her sentence was death by drowning, and Danube opened his arms to receive

her. Albrecht married Anne of Brunswick; the remains of poor Agnes were recovered and found a last resting-place under a marble monument in Straubing Church.

We look back once more towards Regensburg, with its lofty spires and gabled houses, merging into the background of rising, wooded, or gently undulating, fertile country. To southward there are heights crowned by castles, among them Barbing, where Frederic Barbarossa ordained that Austria and Bavaria should be separated. To northward the Regen winds about among the hills. They also have their historic relics: Wenzelbach, where Erich, Duke of Brunswick, saved the life of Maximilian I., the Kaiser; and Stockenfels, a haunted ruin, frequented, it is said, by the souls of dishonest brewers.

Before the hills close in upon the river's course a strong, swift stream comes down from the southern mountains. The Isar, with tales of Landshut, an ancient frontier fortress, and glorious accounts of Bavaria's capital, Munich, where art is fostered tenderly, where the noble works of former artists are collected, and their successors, brothers of the brush, are following in their footsteps, doing good work.

But the swift-flowing Danube carries us away. The hills rise higher on either side and hide the places we have left, as the river finds its way between them. Higher still the hills, and covered with wood, till in the distance waving tree-tops make way to towers and cupolas. We are leaving the country of the Bavarians, but what remains of it for us to see is passing fair, and well worthy of attention. For yonder lies Passau, a town as ancient as Regensburg and also full of historic association. It is beautifully situated, well marked out for defence, and this has not been overlooked by those who went before, for high towers and stout walls show up among the foliage on the northern bank, though round the ancient town itself walls are no more required for defence.

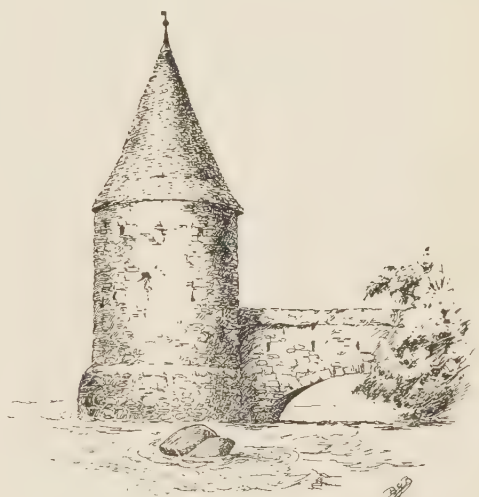
Where three rivers meet among high hills lies Passau. The Danube, moving east, takes up the Ilz, that rolls its rich brown waters down from the Böhmer Wald and through the Bavarian forests; nor does it mingle with the Danube all at once, but flows in the same bed for a space, its colour offering strange contrast to the yellow waters of its mighty brother. So it is also with the other river, Inn, that brings its volume of green water from far Tyrol, the land of men who fought for freedom among their mountains for centuries before they acknowledged the kindly sway of the Imperial House of Habsburg. Danube flows on, golden, between the green Inn and madder-tinted Ilz. A likely place for men to settle in, and the first recorded in history were Celts, who settled at Bojodorum, on the right bank of the Inn. They vanished before the conquerors of ancient Noricum, the Romans, who built their stronghold, *Castra Batava*, on the opposite side 'twixt Inn and Danube, on a spit of land where Passau proper has stood ever since.

The Romans had their day and then made way for others. Bishops resided here since Boniface raised the cross in 738, and at the same time Theobald, Duke of the Bavarians, ruled his unruly followers from here. For many centuries the Bishops held possession and extended their power over the neighbouring country, till Otto von Lonsdorf, Bishop in 1262, detached the territory gradually acquired from the lands ruled over by the Bavarian Dukes, and himself became *Reichsunmittelbar*, with a seat in the Reichstag (and no doubt a powerful voice). The rising ground between Danube and Ilz was fortified, and the stout towers and walls of Ober and Niederhof witnessed many fierce frays between Bishops and townsfolk, for both appear to have found frequent grounds for friction. Of course the disputes that raged between Popes and Emperors found echoes here. When external peace prevailed the burghers found other means of venting

their spleen, and approved of the original idea Ulrich von Nussdorf suggested in 1478—a thoroughgoing persecution of the Jews. Passau suffered under the Reformation too—many took kindly to the new doctrine, then came Urban von Treunbach, at the end of the sixteenth century, and drove out all the Protestants, earning, as no doubt he thought, undying glory to his name and a halo round his effigy, as yet, however, not apparent.

Bavaria and Austria both laid claim to Passau through many centuries, and Princes of the House of Habsburg occupied the see—two Leopolds, Archdukes of Austria, the one a brother, the other son, of Emperor Ferdinand II.

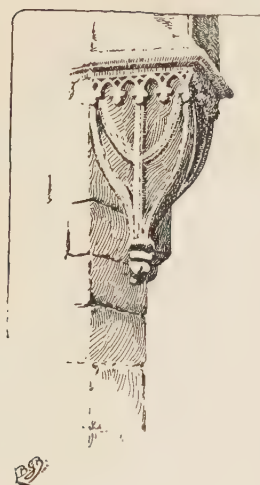
The Austrians prevailed for many years, and, if they could not hold Passau, took land that belonged to it, and incorporated it with



other Austrian bishoprics, till Passau, as principality, grew gradually less, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century the bishopric was secularised. Town and fortress went to Bavaria, which after a year or so gained other portions, a considerable tract of country, with about 50,000 inhabitants, bringing in revenue of over 400,000 florins.

Peace reigns at Passau and its old fortifications no longer frowning down on storming assailants. There is no quarrel between Bavaria and Austria, and the quiet streets no longer ring to the sound of arms.

Passau has many quaint little bits to show you: an



ancient tower by the river Inn, the Pulverturm; the cathedral, in highly ornate rococo style, dates from the seventeenth century, but it shows here and there a graceful bit of Gothic, remains of a former building of the sixteenth century, but for the most part destroyed by fire. Of interesting events the Danube witnessed here while rolling onward to the sea, we may just mention the treaty concluded here in 1552. It restored Johann Frederic of Saxony and Philippe of Hesse to their people and with-

drew the edict of outlawry passed on those who had joined in the Smalkaldic wars, and for a time, at least, brought peace and religious freedom to the Protestant subjects of Kaiser Karl V. The building where this took place is now the Post Office.

The shadows lengthen and the busy town begins to settle down to the evening's rest, and we plainly hear the voice of the river calling to us. Past quaint corners, and odd patches of old wall in newer buildings, we move down to the river and find a most convenient place for rest, and gaze upon the scene and think. The Rathaus, an ancient building, for 500 years in the possession of the town of Passau, welcomes us. According to a sensible German custom, the Rathaus is not only ornamental, it is useful, for in its lower part is the Ratskeller, where mine host—a man of parts, for he has travelled far and has seen more than many of his fellows—has a courteous welcome for you, and Resi, the pleasant-faced waitress, ministers to your wants. Of course the wines are good,—indifferent wine is never to be found in any German Ratskeller,—and the bill of fare, a picture of the Rathaus on its cover, promises good things which

the cook performs, and Resi tenders you without undue delay.

On a fine evening the rooms of the Ratskeller, sunny and pleasant, with their quaint furniture and frescoes, are almost deserted, for every one sits outside at little tables on the pavement. There is no traffic of an evening, and it is only a step or two across the road to the river. Opposite the northern bank rise those historic fortifications, Oberhaus emerging from the foliage of beech and oak that grow on the steep slopes, and Niederhaus, its walls washed by the waters of Danube and Ilz. These two ancient institutions remind the travelling visitor of the Upper and Lower Houses of Britain's Constitution. A picturesque Upper House, obsolete, but still of use, and fitly commanding the Lower House, always in deep water.

With the golden glow of the setting sun lighting up the windows that pierce the thick walls of Oberhaus in the stillness of evening, it is difficult to conjure up scenes of strife and turmoil. Yet Oberhaus was built, not for defence but offence, as vantage-ground of Ulrich II., Count of Dissen, in the thirteenth century, against the people of Passau. Then Bishop Johann Philipp Lamberg, in the seventeenth century, saw fit to add to and strengthen this stronghold. Bavarians held the place till Austria took it in 1742; they in their turn stayed here a year or so, retired, but returned again to force a Bavarian garrison to surrender in 1805.

Night has overtaken us while we mused, and, with the darkness, strange voices come to us from river and forests. They tell of earliest days, of the thousands who passed this way, moving westward. Here



they settled and built them a city, and even spread farther afield, towards the Boden See and Alps. And it was to these mountains that they fled when others came out of the east, ravaged the land, and destroyed the cities. Cities old even when the Romans found and fortified them—Brigantium (now Bregenz), Campodunum (Kempten), Bojodurum (Passau), Sorbiodurum (Straubing). They had been friendly with the Romans who conquered them and called them Vindelicii, and also built other fair cities, Augusta Vindelicorum, now Augsburg, and strengthened ancient Radisbona, calling it Regina Castra, their country *Rætia secunda*.

But when those others came out of the east there was no entering into friendly relations, so the ancient race retired to the mountains, while fierce tribes of Teutons, Marcomanni, and Quadi, coming from Boihæmum and calling themselves Baivaren, killed and destroyed, and swept away the power of Rome. Alemanni came, too, and settled westward of the Lech River, and over the Danube to northward. Franks came from the west and took the land in possession, and away to the west were others of Slav race, the Wends. It was long before all these races merged into a nation. The Bavarians, under their own Dukes, defied the Franks; but these had reached a higher state of civilisation, and its resources gave them the mastery. They drove out the ancient race of Agilofinger, and gave the Bavarians Tassilo I. as Duke. He fell before another savage race that came out of the East—the Avari.

Then Christianity spread from Regensburg chiefly, but did little to tame the proud spirit of the Bavarians and their Dukes, for they were constantly rising against the Frankish Emperors who had deprived them of their independence.

The Frankish dynasty died out, and Bavaria had taken more definite shape, though frontiers were still rather elastic; and the land itself was frequently subdivided into counties.



PASSAU

Wynant's Book

Promises of a settled state of affairs did not appear till the last Welf, Henry the Lion, with whom we have become acquainted, was outlawed by the Emperor at the Reichstag of Regensburg, and Otto von Wittelsbach, of an old Bavarian race—the Counts of Scheyern—took his place as Duke of Bavaria.

This brought at least a settled dynasty, but, as we have seen, troubles had not come to an end. Popes and emperors quarrelled; dukes, counts, and bishops fought on one side or the other; and it is a wonder that any German town was ever able to raise its head. But chiefly owing to the weakening of these fighting princes and prelates the towns grew to importance—were even, as we have seen at Regensburg, in a position to supply the sinews of war, and in return to obtain rights and concessions for themselves.

And when at last Albrecht IV., of Oberbayern, got possession of all Bavaria, and thus a united country offered fair prospect of peace, religious differences arose and led to savage wars.

Dukes of the Bavarians, Landgrafs of the Eastern Marches of the “Holy Roman Empire, Deutscher Nation,” fighting bishops and hosts of knights and commoners under the banner of the Cross, Electors of Bavaria, and kings pass by in pageant and vanish into the mists of history. For one brief moment the valley rings again with warlike sounds as the eagles of France press onward to the east, and with them march the sons of Bavaria against their German brethren. Then from the west come strains of martial music—Bavarian troops returning home under a generous king, who, in the palace of Kings and Emperors of the French, was first to proclaim his cousin the Hohenzollern, Prussia’s venerable King, as German Emperor.

Night falls upon a country peaceful and prosperous.

CHAPTER V



WITH the night
come other
shades, and
they remain
with us in the
grey twilight
before the
rising sun

flecks fleeting clouds with tender pink.
They linger in the mist that floats over
the winding river as it passes on its
way between mighty wooded heights. Long before history
was, Saga was busy here, and has filled every nook and
cranny with romantic legend. Here elfin whispers, echoed
by the rustling reeds, tell of—

Der Nibelungen Lied,
Der Nibelungen Leid.

And, as we pass down this mysterious river, running
through the misty night between those gloomy heights,
strange sounds issue from the forests. The sound of an
armed host, moving eastward : they are knights escorting
Kriemhilde to distant Hungary. Mingling with the
whispered warning of the water-nymphs to Hagen of
Tronje, the scion of a dark race, older even than the
Nibelungen, the plaint of elfin voices mourn Helke,
King of the Huns. Richlinde steals through the woods,

and the black monk peers out from behind the trunk of a giant oak. From the ruined strongholds comes the clash of armour and ringing of hoofs, as robber knights ride forth to waylay the unwary merchant. They lurk for him by the road, hidden by a clump of trees denser than those about, or are in hiding. Sharp-prowed boats behind a rocky promontory, to ambush and rob a passing merchantman. Yet earlier a city stood beside this river here on these banks, though its exact site even is lost to Saga's memory. This city was opulent and wicked, and was swallowed up, engulfed, and never seen again, in the midst of scenes of revelry.

The rising sun dispels the mists that hide the outlines of the scenery on either bank, and recorded history does the same—it relegates Saga to her distant place and talks in manner more assured of matters as they really happened. Yet here and there, in the valleys and deep rocky hollows, the mists linger lovingly, smoothing harsh outlines, and even recorded history gives but the outstanding data, leaving much veiled by romance.

The Romans, those most positive historians, mention little more than the names of those they found upon the Danube banks. Those people became subject, lost their identity, and went away into the mists to give rise to legend. The Romans had their day here, all down the Danube. We have found strong traces of them at Regensburg, Straubing, and Passau, and now, as we pass into Austria, we find everywhere something that recalls them and their works. Augustus made the Danube his northern frontier, and opposite lived Quadi and Marcomanni. Heruli, too, infested the forests on the northern side, and crossed over one night to the Roman castle of Joviacum, took it by surprise, and slew every man they found. To-day a peaceful village, Schlogen, stands on the spot where Danube, passing by, witnessed that scene of horror.

All along his banks, from Passau to Vienna, the Danube, old when Celtic settlements rose above the reeds, saw the veil of legend and mystery raised by the hand of dictatorial Romans, and became for a while accustomed to the names that race of conquerors gave to the country, and the ports and castles that brought it to the Roman Empire; with Lentia, now Linz, the old-world capital of Upper Austria, Lauriacum, the strongest position in Noricum, now Lorch, a peaceful village, standing deep in foliage, where Enns joins with the Danube. From here, says legend, Christianity spread eastward over Austria. And further down is Ybbs (Pons Isidis), with its health-giving waters, known to the Romans.

Then with the tide of fierce humanity that swept away the Roman Empire and left smoking ruins in place of peace and prosperity, Saga and Legend crept up like evening mists from primeval forest and elf-haunted glens. Doings of men loom through a veil that, though it blurs details, gives an imposing mass and softens rugged outline. And every mile of this fair country has some such tale to tell, and Danube knows them well. There, where a rock and forest loom darkest and heaviest on a crag that stands out into the river, a repentant fratricide built himself a strong castle. His name is long forgotten and the details of his crime. All that remains is a solitary mass of ruined masonry, and the report that here Kaiser Maximilian avenged the wrong done to many peaceful traders by the robber knights, the fratricide's successors.

There, on an island rising above the mist, Isa, the Danube's water-nymph, a sister to Lorely, but harmless, looks out with wondering eyes on the doings of men. She has watched and warned them for many centuries, but they passed by unheeding. Kriemhilde, Siegfried's widow, escorted by Rüdiger, Count of Bechelaren, riding by on her way to marry Etzel, King of Hungary, not moved by love but driven by the hope of vengeance on Hagen and

her brother Gunther, King of the Burgundians ; and they too pass by to meet their fate in following in Kriemhilde's footsteps at her invitation.

Farther down is another island which Saga has wrapped round with her fine-spun net of romance. Celts lived here before the Romans drove them out to build a castle. The Roman's successors were the robber knights of Schnapphahn ; they vanished, and the island dreamt on till, in the sixteenth century, a young Count and his bride passed in a small boat. The treacherous currents that swirl about the rocks wrecked their frail craft. The Count escaped and lived for twelve years mourning on the island, a hermit, till a kindly fate brought back his bride, and thus Saga for once gives a fair ending to a sad tale.

But the sun has risen, and gives full value to every detail of a glorious landscape. The broad river moves majestically between wooded heights, past places famous in legend and history. When the river-bank affords sufficient space, towns and villages cluster, and of each one the Danube can tell a story. Obernzell looks ancient and peaceful, but men are busy here with a promising industry. Jochenstein, the island, the home of Isa, shows, by coats of arms hewn into the rock, that here is the frontier of Austria and Bavaria. It is glorious now, in the summer, when the river finds its way between the high wooded mountains, the fresh green of the oak, the silver sheen of the beech as the wind moves through its branches. Over-topping these, sombre fir-trees and pines stand in groups, their slender trunks red and grey in the sunlight ; here and there the white stem of a birch, with its quivering foliage, and, down by the banks, willow-trees dip their tracery into the water, conversing in whispers with tall reeds, the retreat of shy waterfowl. Then a turbulent brook dashes down in a halo of spray with a rainbow drawn across it, to tell of a lordly castle that stands up on high on a large mass of granite :

Neuhaus, with its lofty tower, where defenceless women and children found refuge when King Ludwig II. had been beaten in battle by the Turks in Hungary, and every one trembled in those early days of the sixteenth century. Then, a century later, the strong walls of Neuhaus defied Kaiser Rudolf II. and the troops he had levied at Passau, and, later still, a stout chain barred the river, drawn by wild hordes of revolted peasantry, and lower down they did likewise at Aschach, their head-



quarters, in order to stop supplies from Bavaria to their oppressor, Count Herbertstorf. The heights that attended the Danube on either side recede, and a wider view extends, embracing a vista of towering, snow-clad Alps, far away to the south in the Salzburg country.

The earlier days of the seventeenth century saw a desperate peasantry rise in revolt against their ruler of Lower Austria, Elector Maximilian I. of Bavaria, to whom

the country above Enns had been given in pawn. His Lieutenant, Count Herbertstorf, by means of unusual cruelty, sought to turn the peasants back to their former allegiance to the Roman Church. The revolt spread rapidly, and under their leader Stephen Fadinger, a hatter, the peasants gained possession of the country and threatened Linz. But here fortune forsook the rebel cause. Fadinger's horse was killed under him as he rode round the walls of Linz, and himself received a wound of which he died soon after. His followers buried him, but Herbertstorf would allow him no rest ; he exhumed the body, which was plunged into a swamp by the executioner. The revolt flickered on for some time till Henry of Pappenheim, one of the world's most famous cavalry leaders, ended it in a series of battles and scenes of untold horrors.

The Danube spreads its waters farther afield on leaving the enclosing heights and embraces many little islands, beyond them a smiling, fertile country, with here and there a village, town, or castle. For instance, there to the right is Brandstatt, which suffered so horribly in those years of warfare 1800, 1805, and 1809. Here also Kriemhilde rested on her way to Hungary.

There to the left, towers and pinnacles point upwards out of dense foliage, and below nestles a little village, Ottensheim, according to tradition the birthplace of Otto I., the German Emperor. The castle traces its history back to 1148, and has seen much trouble ; it has often heard the din of battle, for here Christof Zeller, another leader of rebellious peasantry, had his headquarters, and before two centuries had passed the armies of France had brought further sufferings.

Again the heights close in upon the river, to open out again a little farther on and recede in order to make room for Linz, the capital of Upper Austria. As we have seen, the Romans knew Linz as *Lentia*, and made it a stronghold. Then, when they went, successive waves of



mainland. Echoes have reached these eyots from time to time, and when the full moon shines fitfully through fleecy clouds the sole inhabitants, those dainty little fairies that gather round the Evening Primrose, discuss the doings of rude men with large, wondering eyes. For here French armies passed and re-passed; there stands a castle, Tyllisburg, which Kaiser Ferdinand II. gave to Tilly,

the conqueror of Magdeburg, whom Danube saw dying at Ingolstadt; Mauthausen, with its old Gothic church, the name reminiscent of toll (*Maut*—mite) levied here by the Avari from the merchants who passed by on the Danube. The Markgrafs of Austria, it would seem, continued the practice, and even demanded toll of Kaiser Barbarossa and his crusaders. The Kaiser did not pay—in fact he was quite annoyed, and burnt the place down. Charlemagne started for his campaign against the Avari from here; indeed, old Mauthausen had vast experience of the way history is made before settling down to its present state of peaceful contentment. Then another stream of gleaming water, green in colour, glides into the Danube, the Enns, near Lorch, of which Danube has already told us the name the Romans gave it.

Swift-flowing Danube carries us onward. The mountains close in upon us again, and on sharp crags that

soar above the forest trees stand ruins that tell of former greatness : Säbnich, a monastery of which but one strong tower remains, and at its foot nestles a little village with here and there a house that, in its construction, suggests the Middle Ages and the precaution taken by those who desired to live at peace with the outer world.

Sharp and unexpected are the turns the river takes, moving ever eastward to the sea, as at Persenbeug, a corruption of "Bösenbeug," or "bad bend"; there we leave the hills for a short bit and gain a glimpse of the distant Alps. And everywhere upon the banks places that stand recorded in history and whose story is almost hidden in the mist of past ages. There, opposite Hirschenau, stands the ruined tower of Freynstein, once the seat of the Kuenringer, and among the strongest castles of Austria. Then Ispersdorf, where Charlemagne defeated Tassilo, Duke of the Bavarians, in 787. Below the "Bösenbeug," Ybbs, which we know to have been a Roman stronghold; here a division of Dalmatian cavalry had their headquarters. Then the place vanished, to reappear again as Ipusa in the ninth century, and later to be called Ibsepurch, to flourish for a while, notably during the Crusades, and then to settle down to its present name Ybbs—short, and no doubt some think sweet—and a state of somnolence.

The day is drawing to its close; storm-clouds gather on the hills; but a burst of sunshine from the west brings out the towers of a high-placed church in strong relief: Maria Taferl, a place whither pilgrims wend their way, for a miracle happened here. It was in the fifteenth century, and mighty trees still stood



where now are waving fields of corn. A peasant was minded to fell one of these trees, but found, to his surprise, that he was making no impression on the tree—he was hacking his own shins instead. This was indeed wonderful, and had to be commemorated. So a tablet was fixed to the tree and may have remained there many years.



Certain it is that the tree stands no longer, but Maria Taferl does—so all is well.

The sunlight fades away and from the heavy clouds large drops are falling. The rumbling of distant thunder warns us to take shelter, and fortunately there is such to be had close at hand. An historic spot, too, Pöchlarn,—the Bechelaren of Nibelungen fame—stands out through the storm that lashes the iron-grey waters of the Danube, as we hasten to the kindly welcome of an inn. We find it,

MARIA TA FERL.

25





too, under the sign of the "Golden Eagle," an ancient hostelry, dating back to the thirteenth century, when Pöchlarn was indeed a place of great importance. For it was once strongly fortified, and at least one old tower remains as evidence of former power. This tower is of course of such great antiquity that it was well acquainted with Count Rüdiger, Huns, Burgundians, and all such folk as made a stir in Nibelungen times. No doubt it witnessed the removal of the last of a lost race who lived



here before the Romans laid out a harbour for their Danube flotilla and called the place Arelate. It could tell proud tales of the Bishops of Regensburg, who lived in a castle here where now stands a modern "Schloss," so indispensable to any place of importance in Austria.

The rumbling that drove us to seek shelter continues, It meets us as we enter the arched portals of the "Goldener Adler," and, wondering, we enter the so-called garden (where only chairs and tables grow) to trace the thunder to its source. It is the *Kegelbahn*, and the worthies of Pöchlarn are indulging in the popular game of skittles

after the day's toil. There is the schoolmaster, whose knowledge of mathematics is brought to bear on the matter in hand—not always with success. The locksmith, who proves that practice beats theory, a young man from Vienna whose favourite pastime is skittles and who also plays so badly. The long arm of the law is there in the person of the gendarme, a stout and genial warrior of imperturbable good-humour. Science is represented by the chemist, who,



before bowling, weighs the ball carefully between his hands. The background is taken up by those whose attention is chiefly given to beer and tobacco. They find time between these twin distractions to give a word of advice on the technique of skittles, chiefly to the "young man from town." There is one other person connected with the game who is entitled to honourable mention,

the *Kegelbub*, the small boy whose duty it is to build up the fallen ninepins. He sits at the far end, close to the scene of impact, munching a large hunk of black bread between frequent, barefooted quests into the dark recess where lie the fallen in the fight.

Last, but not least, is mine host. His aim is deadly when, between the many duties of his high station, he finds time to speed the ball into the serried ranks of ninepins. He is equally sure on all other subjects, and, as becomes one in his position, is expert in all matters that concern the comfort of a traveller. So you may dine well, while listening to the sound of *Kegelschieben*.

The storm has passed, the good folk of Pöchlarn have retired to rest, for they rise early. The traveller wanders down to the river; its voice is more insistent during the hours of darkness than when the daylight brings men forth to go about their daily work with busy clatter. Walk by the banks of this mighty stream and listen to the voices of the night. The quiet little town is left behind asleep, but other life is stirring among the leaves of willow and *Erlenbaum*. Fairy lamps—the Evening Primrose men call them—light up from the swampy places, frogs strike up in chorus, not heeding the majestic stag that has come down from the wooded heights to drink. The Erl King and his court hold high holiday by the light of a misty moon, the wood-nymphs that hide in the daytime sing of things they have seen, and water-nymphs with flashing escorts of mountain-trout, move among the reeds and listen to the tales that are told. Tales of that sad-eyed race that lived here peacefully, building huts of reeds on piles standing out of the waters. They thought they were safe, but there came bronzed warriors in thousands marching in ordered array and boldly. They cut down trees and laid the trunks over the marshes and so made roads. Then they dug down into the earth, brought stone from a distance and

built strong towers ; and the moonlight flashed on the sentinel's helmet and the point of his spear.

So the sad-eyed race and the fairies and elves crept away to the dark hidden places and sorrowed. And of these only the fairies survived. For after the bronze-clad warriors came others, not in orderly march but in wild swarms. They were clad in skins, and they came with their women and children, and these it was who knew of the fairies and saw them. Some could even speak to them. So they stayed and rebuilt the city and lived there. They could come forth o' nights, one or the other, and whisper to the fairies and ask of them many things beyond man's comprehension. Some even married among the immortals, to the undoing of both.

Then came other men, singly, unarmed, but stern and strong with a faith that the fairies knew not and could not understand. It came from a far eastern land, said these men, and it spoke of man's soul, and to it. So men abandoned the oak in the forest which they had worshipped till now, they no longer heard the voice of Thor in the thunder nor saw one-eyed Odin in the rays of the sun. They built churches instead, and crowned the spires with a cross. But for many years Odin and Thor and Freya and elfin and fairy lingered hoping that man would return to his former allegiance. For men met each other in battle to fight for the Cross or the whispering mysteries of forest and moorland. There were some still whose descent drew mortals and immortals together : Siegfried, the hero ; but he was killed by dark Hagen, himself son of one of their own, and at Brunhilde's suggestion, and she was Walkyrie. Hagen and the Burgundians, they passed this way and never returned. Then monasteries grew up everywhere, driving fairies and pixies and elves farther away into the desolate places. Even these became rarer, for men increased largely in numbers and took the waste land to cultivate it and grow food for their kin. Then,

when man had made the land desirable according to his own views, the great among them rose and gathered together their followers to take from those that held, and fierce battles raged amongst those who worshipped the emblem of peace. Their faith, too, gave men an occasion to differ, so war flamed up again on vexed questions of dogma. Thus for centuries men strove and worked and fought and died after a short struggle—and the rustling reeds and whispering willow-trees hide the immortals, who still look out with wonder upon the strange scenes that make up the life of man.

CHAPTER VI



HILE the morn on the mountains was misty and grey" stout Sir Rüdiger rode away

with his men from Pöchlarn on the mission of Etzel, his King. We will do likewise, and, entrusting ourselves

to friend Danube move on through the morning mist. Legend hangs heavy as the mist upon the banks, as we pass down. Grey clumps of willow stand up on either hand, and as the river sweeps boldly to southward a vast grey mass looms out against the morning: Melk, Medelik, of the *Nibelungenlied*, and opposite the ruined castle Weitenegg. In the morning light, before the sun dispels the mist, these two might well be strongholds ready to throw open hospitable gates to Kriemhilde, the Burgundian Princess, bride-elect of Etzel, the Hungarian King. For that matter Weitenegg may possibly be as old as we choose to presume it: it is said that Rüdiger built this castle. At any rate, one Leuthold von Kuenring lived here to make history by conspiring with others against Albrecht I. No doubt the old walls could tell many a tale of stirring times, and it would certainly be

interesting to hear their opinion on the latest suggested improvement scheme. A Society which very rightly encourages research into the Nibelungen legends, proposes to erect some monument to those departed heroes somewhere on the heights overlooking the river!

The searching rays of the sun reveal Weitenegg in all the glorious majesty of ruin, whereas Melk stands out flamboyant in rococo guise. At least the monastery, for the little town is still in shadow, has in fact been thrown into the shade for ever by the vast edifice built by the Benedictine monks. Yet this is no reason for overlooking the former importance of the town of Melk. Apart from its connection with the Nibelungen and their sad fate, Melk has historic importance of its own. Where the monastery now stands, on a huge mass of granite, the Romans built their fort, Namare. Then princes of the Avari lived here, and named it Medelika. The Avari were driven out and the first of the Babenbergs, Markgraf Luitpold, took possession, founded a religious house, and gave it to the Benedictine Order. This Order built the present monastery at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and though, perchance, the architecture of that time is not every one's taste, yet this building is vastly imposing, and in its way beautiful. To many, perhaps, the library offers most attractions. The view from the crescent terrace outside is overwhelmingly beautiful. The gold-gleaming river winds serenely, broad and strong, at your feet, ruins and castles rise out of dense woods on the heights beyond, and all about you is the waving green of forests on hill-sides and on the eyots that divide the river, of the silvery verdure of willows, with here and there the white stems of the birch-trees.

Now turn to the treasures in the library. There is a Prayer Book; it belonged to Kaiser Albrecht II. in the fifteenth century. Here is a rare old book, *Liber de Natura Rerum, Beda Venerabilis*, of the ninth century.

Beatrice, too, wife of Matthias Corvinus, whom we shall meet again ere long, had a most lovely Missal, which now rests here as safely as we hope her glorious soul does. Of all the Prayer Books and Missals to be seen here, the most beautiful is a small one of the fifteenth century; its owner's name does not appear, neither does the name of the illuminator, but it is gloriously beautiful. Delicate flowers and fruits decorate the capital letters, with here and there a little head, a portrait evidently, and drawn with delicious humour. Through all these centuries the paint has kept its brilliancy—it might have been done yesterday, but that the workmanship shows no signs of hurry. More mundane matter may be found here too, a work by Boethius, of the eleventh century, a Virgil of the tenth, a Horace of the twelfth century, a Gratianus of the fifteenth, and the drill-book issued by Prince Eugene!

From Melk the Danube, before resuming his eastern trend, makes a wide sweep to northward, through country lovelier far than the scenery of the much-vaunted Rhine. The wooded heights, crowned with castles, ruins, or monasteries, are fresh and untouched, and pretty villages stand here and there along the banks. Everything looks naturally beautiful, not arranged to look so; and certainly the wooded slopes help to this end rather than the bare-looking vineyards of the Rhine. This country-side, the Wachau, as it is called, from Melk down to the neighbourhood of Vienna, is to the full as romantic as any landscape the Rhine can show. It teems also with legend and history. On stormy nights wild Hochheimer rides abroad—you may hear his voice shouting to his hounds, above the fury of the tempest, his piercing whistle and the crack of his whip echoing among the hills and valleys that open on to the river. Wild Hochheimer is condemned to ride thus o' nights until Danube's bed be as dry as the summit of the heights of Jauerling. Poor little Isa,

the Danube nymph, loves the Wachau, and comes downstream from time to time—you may see her white veil gleaming on the surface of the swirling stream, by the light of the moon. She longs for communion with the warm-blooded children of men, and has been known to take part in their revels; but she always returns to old Danube heavy of heart, for, though her intentions be kindly, men like her not, and no mortal has yet clasped this maid in his arms. Old Danube knows men and their ways, and he sings to poor Isa songs of the doings of men, their short day, and how, after much noise, they vanish for ever.

Perhaps, but we doubt it, poor Isa is comforted by the thought that she is immortal, and that any mortal lover would be hers but for a short space of time. And there were many to whom Isa looked up fondly out of the Danube's steady-swinging floods. The Schönbühels, who built the fine castle of that name—but they died out long ago, six centuries as men reckon time, and were followed by others; their castle still stands, and Danube throws back reflections of warmly lit windows on early winter evenings, and whispers of secret passages, underground, long disused. Then there were those wild men who swooped down from that mass of ruins, then a robber stronghold, Aggstein. Kuenrings built the castle, and planned it cunningly, with dungeons hewn out of the rock. On the Kuenrings, who were very bad neighbours, followed another family, "Scheck vom Walde," who were worse. But they were bold, strong men, warm-blooded, and Isa looked and longed—most perhaps for fierce George, "Schreckenwald" the people called him. She had seen him lurking, with his men, to waylay passing merchants; she had heard of his "rose-garden" in the castle, a narrow spit of rock overhanging a deep abyss. Here his prisoners were taken out and offered their choice of deaths—by hunger

in the vaults below the castle, or by a leap into space.

From Aggstein the Danube flows due north for a while, till forced to wind north-east between St. Johann on the right and Schwallenbach on the left bank. It was no mere work of nature that brought about the change of direction; the reason of it has to be sought elsewhere, and this is how it happened. The Devil was very much annoyed at the constant stream of pilgrims that came to St. Johann, and found it high time to interfere. The people on the banks of the Danube had become so pious, that with the exception of the robber knights, there was no one who would give the Devil his due. Monasteries crowning many places on the banks, in the valleys churches each guarding its little village—in fact, the Austrians were nearly as good and pious as they are to-day. For centuries they had enjoyed the privilege of being educated by their monks, and to this day religious bodies are entrusted with the upbringing of Austrian youth, albeit secular schools are plentiful. All this, as has been said, is very good and beautiful, and seeing that the Austrians themselves are content, there is really no reason for interfering. But the Devil thought differently long, long ago, when his cause appeared not nearly as hopeless as it does to-day. Therefore, in order to check the exuberant piety demonstrated at St. Johann, he decided to dam the Danube by means of a huge wall. This wall was supported by the mass of granite on the left bank near Schwallenbach, which is still called the “Teufels-mauer.” He was getting on quite nicely with his work, forgetful of certain restrictions imposed upon him, when a cock crew, heralding the morn. It stands to reason that works of darkness cannot be continued in daylight. Danube overleapt the rising wall, and, laughing in the rays of the rising sun, swept every trace of it away, but sweeping slightly to eastward. The only harm done was

to the cock that crowed—the Devil shot him through with an arrow. The memory of this historic bird is kept green by his effigy, which is not only an ornament to the tower of St. John's Church, but is useful as a weather-vane.

Then Danube takes us past many pleasant places. There, between the vineyards of St. Florian's monastery, lies St. Michael with its ancient church, standing high, with strong walls that speak of days when it was wise



to fortify even the house of God against your neighbours. At one time winter came in with such severity and blinding snowstorms, that even the church was hidden beneath the snow, and hares leapt over the roof. This interesting event is recalled to mind by six hares, fashioned out of clay, that adorn the pinnacles about the roof. Ruins, villages, monasteries, castles too numerous to mention, meet our gaze as we travel onward. But one is of particular interest to Englishmen. You see it from afar, standing out into the river—a rocky crag surmounted

by a battered ruin, of which the walls extend down to embrace a little town with its rococo church. This is Dürrenstein, famous in history, for here Richard Cœur-de-Lion, England's impetuous King, languished in captivity,



till faithful Blondel discovered his royal master's whereabouts, and so made his release possible.

A quaint little place Dürrenstein, the smallest town in Lower Austria, with its loopholed walls and gateways, and narrow streets. Some of the houses, too, are of hoary antiquity—for instance, the "Gasthaus zum Schwarzen Adler," the double-headed, not the fierce Prussian variety.

The ruined castle seems to be born of the rock that supports it, so closely on to the crags are the rough-hewn



stones fixed into the clefts of black granite. Dungeons, too, there are, hollowed out of the rock, and right at the top is a vaulted chamber, ruined, with a glorious view over

the valley to eastward through a narrow loophole. Here, maybe, Richard of England watched the sunrise over the mountains, longing for a sight of his own fair country, and the grey-green woodlands on the banks of the Thames.

The castle belonged to the Kuenrings, who seem to have had castles everywhere, and possibly was theirs during Richard's enforced stay here. At any rate here he sat for a while, owing to a disagreement with the Babenberger, Duke Leopold V., called the Good. Why so called is hard to tell at this distance of time—perhaps because he took part in the Third Crusade, during which he quarrelled with Richard. Crusades worked wonders in those days, and no doubt even a Kuenring's prospects of future happiness brightened as soon as his wife stitched a cross to his mantle. Christianity and its teaching was very simple in those days, and gave much latitude to individual as well as national idiosyncrasies.

The castle fell, destroyed by the Swedes in 1645, but the stout walls that still run down, with here and there a turret, to the river and encircle the little town have done their duty since that date. For in 1741 the War of Austrian Succession raged, and Maria Theresia's enemies appeared before the walls of Dürrenstein. But was Dürrenstein daunted? Never a bit—the stout-hearted burgesses resorted to a ruse which makes old Danube bubble with laughter as he tells the story; even sad Isa's eyes brighten as she recalls those days. French and Bavarians were marching towards Vienna, and thought to meet no resistance worth mentioning by the way, but Dürrenstein rose to the occasion. Drain-pipes were blackened over to look like cannon and planted in the embrasures of the walls, stove-pipes peered out of loopholes, and from within arose the sound of drums beating, trumpets braying, and all the din that attaches to martial movement. So the enemy, thinking the place strongly

held, moved off without firing a shot, and left all Dürrenstein laughing in its sleeve.

Loyal and true men were those of Dürrenstein, as they are to this day, and they could not stand the treatment meted out to their young Empress Maria Theresia.

Kaiser Karl VI. had died the year before, but long before his death he had drawn up an instrument called the Pragmatic Sanction, which determined that the hereditary lands of the Austrian crown should never again be divided. Further, that at his death, in default of heirs male, his daughters should succeed, and, failing them, the daughters of Joseph I., his elder brother, whom he had succeeded.

Austria and Hungary agreed to this arrangement, but the Courts of Europe would not do so, in spite of Kaiser Karl's best endeavours. So war broke out when Maria Theresia came to the troubled throne of Austria. Elector Karl Albert of Bavaria laid claim to the Austrian inheritance. Frederick II., of Prussia, found the moment opportune to demand compensation for the loss of Silesia. When this was emphatically refused he conquered that country, and, by the victory of Mollwitz, made assurance doubly sure. Saxony, Sardinia, Spain, and France, all joined against the youthful Empress, and war spread over this fair country, until the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, led to an agreement recognising Maria Theresia's succession, and the election of her husband Francis of Lorraine, as Emperor.

Though Dürrenstein's days of warlike activity are past, we hope for ever, martial sounds are still heard about the neighbourhood; you may see parties of alert-looking Austrian infantry marching through the narrow streets, to awake echoes among the cliffs with bugle-calls and the rattle of musketry. Technically this is called "field-firing," and the sound thereof recalls yet one more event in the history of war. The open country between the receding hills and the left bank of the Danube, the plain of Loiben,

was the scene of a battle in 1805, in which the Austrians under Schmidt, and the Russians under Kutosow, hurled the French invaders back into the Danube. A monument stands here in memory of those warriors.

From Dürrenstein a high-road leads to Vienna, and along it Kaiser Leopold I. moved with his followers in 1683, when he heard that the siege of his capital by the Turks had been raised. Everywhere were sounds of rejoicing, as the triumphal procession marched eastward



through the quaint old towns upon the Danube's banks—Stein, Und, and Krems, and, on the opposite bank, ancient Mautern.

Though Danube would draw us onward to Vienna, the Imperial city, we cannot but linger in this fair, fascinating country; in fact, we would like to know what lies beyond the enclosing hills to southward. So let us leave Danube at Mautern, opposite that group of three towns, but not before we have heard a word or two of its history. For this place, too, is very ancient—Mataren it is called in the

Nibelungenlied; and here Matthias Corvins, Hungary's greatest King, won a decisive victory.

Let us follow a broad road that leads us due south. It winds about between rolling plains and wooded highlands, here and there vineyards, and villages with white church towers peering above the shingled roofs. Our road is shaded by fruit-trees, and carts drawn by well-bred-looking horses pass by, carrying the produce of this rich country to market. The peasants we meet doff their hats as they greet us with a "Grüss Gott," and perchance some remark anent the weather, which here, too, in this happy land, is a subject of anxious consideration. They live on the land, do those Lower Austrian peasants, as did their fathers before them. And a beautiful land it is, as we see when passing over the heights into the fertile plains below. Behind us, as we look back, our dear friend Danube



draws his broad silver belt in graceful curves at our feet; before us, away in the distance, we look out to the Alps where Schneeberg and Ötcher stand up above their fellows in the calm of the morning. Market-carts and others are moving in our direction, to a town that lies in the plain we are entering. We join in the crowd, and come to a bridge where gendarmes are on guard. It is by no means a usual occurrence: a flag and the sound of firing tell us that some event of importance is quickening the life of the ancient town. We inquire, and are told that his Majesty, Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria, is about to honour the place with a visit. We, of course, gain admittance wherever we go (except at Donaueschingen), and so come to a place on the outskirts, a shady place and cool, where stands a

pavilion, decked out in bunting to welcome the Kaiser. The occasion is a rifle-meeting held in honour of the venerable monarch, and sharpshooters from all over Austria, from Tyrol and Styria, are competing. Very good shots they are, too, worthy of the handsome prizes offered. To-day they are in festive garb, appropriate to the occasion ; flags and banners of different clubs float in the breeze, upheld by the sturdiest members.



Then the aged Emperor arrives, the band strikes up Hadyn's beautiful hymn, hats are raised, cheers echo down the ranges, and mortars are fired off ; in fact, everything is as it should be. The Kaiser listens to speeches fervent and sincere, and answers with a gracious word, white-robed maidens present bouquets, and one of their number recites an impressive ode, to which the beloved sovereign answers with a kindly smile. Indeed Kaiser Franz Joseph has done much to deserve his people's love, and they give him full measure.

Then all the gallant sportsmen escort the Emperor to the station, and over liberal draughts of beer discuss the happenings of a glorious day.

After the day's enjoyment the worthy members of the club return to their homes, some in the town, others in outlying villages. Here nearly every village has its Schloss, and happy is he who may number an Austrian *Schlossherr* among his friends. He will be sure of the warmest welcome at any time of the year, or day, or night, and will be most loth to leave such pleasant quarters. Then the villages have frequent feasts on Sundays, such as, perhaps, an assembly of the voluntary fire brigades from neighbouring villages. The "home team" show their skill and ability under their captain's



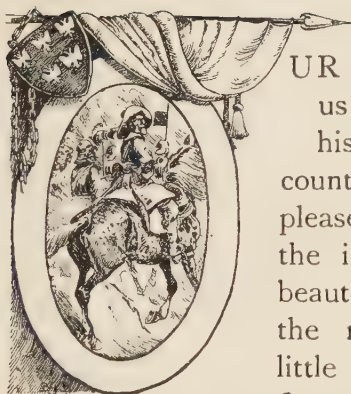
of some free Republics we might mention).

The faithful subjects of Kaiser Franz Joseph now enjoy constitutional government—or at least we must suppose that they enjoy it, as other nations are expected to do so—and they had done some fighting to arrive at this desideratum. So, like their brothers of other enlightened countries, they hold the privilege of electing those who should worthily represent them. The labourer, whose vision is limited by the boundary of his master's estate, has the same voice as he whose word is law to thousands of working men, and whose brain directs some gigantic enterprise. One and all are entitled to vote for him whom they consider as most likely to serve their interests, and such considerations as that of his capacity to decide on matters of grave import to the Empire need not trammel the enlightened voter, as in other countries. All this is very beautiful, yet a dissentient voice may be heard here and there ; it is not possible to please every one—it never was, especially in politics, or these words would not have been recorded in Ecclesiasticus :

“ For how can he get wisdom who holdeth the plough, and glorieth in the goad that driveth the oxen ; and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks ? ”



CHAPTER VII



OUR friend Danube will readily forgive us for lingering on our way back to his banks ; he has known this lovely country for so many years, and is as pleased as a warm-hearted Austrian at the interest a stranger takes in this beautiful land. So we will loiter along the roads, passing through pleasing little villages, past gardens gay with flowers. All the country-side is like a

garden, for here in this happy land, from east and west and from the Alpine ranges, Flora's children meet and blend in harmonies of colour. Oh for those glorious days of June when the haunts by the roadside and the cool forest glades are bright with many of Flora's fairest and daintiest ! By the roadside stand masses of purple sage and a flower with tapering spires of pink blossom, called *Türken-klee* locally, and known to the learned as *Onobrychis sativa*. Then our friend the wild thyme, and John-go-to-bed-at-noon, with pinks and bluebells, bachelor's-buttons, both cream-coloured and mauve, and ranunculus. The forests, cool and fragrant, of fir-tree and pine, and beech and oak, give shelter to orchids of endless variety, and that sweetest and daintiest of all beautiful flowers, the lily of the valley.

The wind, moving over the fields on the sloping hill-

sides, sets the corn waving like a silver sea. In the autumn the golden crops and their allies, the cornflowers, fall before the sickle, for reaper and binder are not much in evidence here ; and quite a new crop of flowers has sprung up in the rich meadows—a delicate-scented, pale-green thistle. Then when the heat of early September trembles over the stubble, the valleys ring with the sound of firing, for autumn manœuvres are in progress, and patrols of dragoons are abroad, busy, but still with time to spare for a friendly greeting in passing.



A change is generally pleasant, sometimes wise, so instead of returning to the Danube, following the course of some winding stream, we will climb up to the heights, and get a comprehensive view of the river valley. A wooded height comes up from the south, from the Alps, and, running north-west, meets the Danube, who then turns his tide from east to southward as if to embrace it. From this commanding position we look westward down into a wide plain that stretches away on the south bank nearly, on the north bank quite, as far as Krems. The Danube, gleaming silver, divides into many arms, forming eyots decked with green. The fair landscape at

our feet, dotted with towns and villages, lies contented in its rich promise of harvest. A passing cloud throws its shadow, details vanish in purple shades, and the present has vanished to recall former days—days when the forest grew down to the banks of the fast-flowing river, and hid strange beasts in its depths; names still extant prove this, for from what does Würmla (a peaceable village) derive but for the “Lair of the Worm,” the *Lindwurm* (the dragon), such as heroes like Siegfried went forth to destroy? The people that lived here, in



the swampy forests by the river, knew of these things and feared them. Then came the Romans. They had no time to take heed of such matters; they built castles—Cetium, Comagena, Pirotorte (where winding Perschling flows by)—to defend the high-road against the Germans who lived on the northern bank. Then the storm-clouds hovering over that bank, broke, and a torrent of fierce humanity swept over the land. But they settled, and St. Severin came and converted them to the religion of peace. But peace was not, for war-clouds followed one upon another. The Avari impeded the progress of

Charlemagne and his Paladins; in 791 he stormed their stronghold and broke it. Again in the seventeenth century King Sobieski, of Poland, marched by to relieve Vienna,



A WAYSIDE SHRINE

besieged by the Turks. Then, last of all, the armies of Napoleon I. passed by as conquerors. Indeed an historic plain, this "Tullner Feld," as it is called, after the town of Tulln, first known to history as a castle built by Valerius Catulinus. Then the Syrian cohorts of Rome called it after Jupiter Dolichenus, this gave Tulona, and then Tulln. Here Rudolf of Habsburg celebrated his victory over Ottokar of Bohemia, and Matthias Corvinus stormed and took the town twice in the fifteenth century.

Danube calls, and we must follow; he is impatient to lead us on to Vienna, the Imperial city. So we descend and rejoin him, where the spur of the Wiener Wald slopes down to greet him. Here Danube and the forest trees whisper to each other of strange things beyond man's ken; of a city that stood here, but vanished into the river. You may still hear the peal of a bell, swung by the stream, but only a spotless maiden, born on a certain Sunday, is capable of raising that bell to the surface, by means of her girdle. The bell is still below, and that only because as yet no maiden has managed to arrive in this world on the date appointed—for this blame attaches to no one.

Of course there are scoffers in Austria, as elsewhere, who may deny the existence of that drowned city, and tell you that the tale refers to Kloster Neuburg and Korneuburg. Now these towns, too, have an interesting history. Know, then, that at one time Vienna was not what it deserved to be, and has been for centuries, the capital of Austria. The Duchies of Austria were acquired

and attached to the Holy Roman Empire by forces that came out of the west. We have watched the Romans, who penetrated the primeval forests and made the Danube their frontier, guarding it against Marcomanni and Quadi on the farther bank. Then Trajan extended the Roman Empire to lands yet farther down the river and founded Dacia, the Roman province. This happened early in the second century, but before that century had come to a close German races began to cross the Roman frontier, and by the beginning of the fourth century the Goths had taken Dacia, and one province after another. Then yet another race came out of the east, the Avari, in the sixth century, and these founded a mighty Empire in Hungary of the present day, while Slavs settled in Bohemia and Moravia. A northern branch of the Slav race settled in Pannonia, and in the seventh century founded the kingdom of Carantania.

The Roman Empire vanished, but was revived by the ambition of Charlemagne, who, following in the footsteps of his preceptors, subdued unruly German races, Saxon, Langobards, and Bavarians, forced them to acknowledge his supremacy and even to assist him in extending the frontiers of his Empire. So he destroyed the Empire of the Avari, incorporated Pannonia, and forced Slovenes, Bohemians, and Moravians to pay him tribute.

The dissensions in the Holy Roman Empire, following on the great Emperor's death, caused the loss of many provinces and narrowed the frontiers of the Frank dominion, and the defeat and death of Luitpold, Markgraf of Bavaria, in 907 by the Hungarians, put an end to Frankish rule in Pannonia, at least for a time.

Then came a strong Emperor, Otto I.; he beat the Hungarians on the Lechfeld—Lech told us so—and founded “Ostarrichi.” With Otto came the illustrious family of Babenberg, as Markgrafs of the regained possessions; Luitpold I., Henry I., and Adalbert, from 976 to 1055,

moved ever eastward till the rivers March and Leitha formed the frontiers of their trust, and the country to the east of these wooded heights, the Wiener Wald, became a German settlement. Ernest the Brave, son of Adalbert, carried on the traditions of the family, defeated the Hungarians, and fell fighting against the turbulent Saxons. Then came one to whom might be applied an ancient saw anent the lands of Austria :

Bella gerunt alii,
Tu Felix Austria, nube !

for he married wisely Agnes, the sister of Kaiser Henry V., for whom he, Luitpold III., had deserted Kaiser Henry IV. This Luitpold, called the Virtuous, for reasons we shall soon explain, moved his residence from Melk to Leopoldsburg, in the Wiener Wald, of which no trace remains ; the rebellious people of Vienna burnt it down in 1462, and the last traces of it vanished during the Turkish invasion of the seventeenth century.

Luitpold's marriage was wise, as already stated ; moreover, it was sanctioned by the great love he bore his wife Agnes, who, by the way, was the widow of Frederick of Stauf, Duke of Suabia. That he was called Virtuous was no doubt due to his great piety. There are others pious and virtuous in this world—there have been for ages, but not every one of them is obviously, historically so. The brevet of "Virtuous" or "Pious" has to be bestowed by well-known and acknowledged authority ; this was forthcoming in Luitpold's case. The monks of at least two monasteries have recorded this opinion, so who may gainsay it ? These monasteries, by the way, were founded by Luitpold. One of them lies south among the hills and concerns us not at present, the other is here before us, its spires reflected on the surface of our Danube, Klosterneuburg. Even before Luitpold's day the place was not quite unknown. The Romans, of course, had a castle

here; troops of their Dalmatian cavalry used to look in on their rounds between Arelate, which we know, and Carnuntum which we shall get to know shortly. A settlement called Newenburch existed here in the days of Charlemagne. But it was a miracle which brought the place its due importance, and this miracle happened, as was only right and proper, when Luitpold of pious memory, ruled over the land.

Now even saints can unbend and follow a sporting instinct—witness St. Dunstan and his interview with the Devil. So Luitpold was following the chase one day, his fair wife at his side, his followers about him, when some wanton zephyr carried off the lady's veil. This was awful. No doubt even Luitpold swore, possibly by his halidom or some such commodity; but the veil had gone, no one knew whither. Its loss was severely felt for several years, till Luitpold swore again, this time to the effect that wherever the veil was found there would he build a monastery and endow it. Then it was that the miracle happened. Some monks out walking one day lifted up their eyes to the hills in accordance with excellent precept, and perceived something white fluttering from a tree-top. Could it be the veil? It was! There, were some level ground rises above the river by Newenburch—an ideal spot for pious endeavour—there, from a giant of the forest, waved the lady's veil. And there, indeed, Klosterneuburg stands to this day. Now is not this truly wonderful?

Klosterneuburg stands here still, its beautiful Gothic church, whitewashed without, with only here and there some rare bit of stone tracery peeping through, decorated within to hide all traces of its pristine, noble simplicity. There are still some quaint corners left to delight the eye, and people come out from Vienna to visit here, especially on *Leopoldstag* (November 15th) when the correct thing to do is to see the gigantic barrel which will hold 999



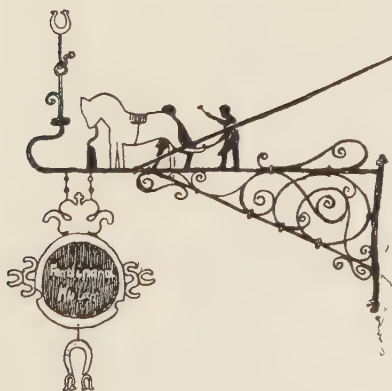
buckets-full. You not only look at the barrel, but you perform a solemn ritual on and about it ; you climb to the top by a little staircase, and then—slide down the polished side.

Luitpold's son and successor, Henry, whose nickname "Jasomirgott" has already been explained, raised Neuburg to the rank of Town, and all went very well for a time. But Danube got tired of all these human pretensions one day ;

castles, monasteries, towns and villages were growing up all over his banks. His old friends the forest trees were vanishing, and instead of their gentle whispering he heard the sounds of daily toil, discords, fighting. So Danube sent word all along the line, through the reeds and the willows, and the wind carried the message up to the hills, and the rivers and brooks heard and understood and gathered in full force for a mighty effort. Then Danube, with strength irresistible, hurled himself against Neuburg ; there, where the houses stood sparsely, he made a new way for himself, dividing the town in two parts. So one part was called Kloster—the other Korn-Neuburg, on account of the cloisters of one and the corn-market of the other. But all this happened long ago ; as men reckon time, exactly 700 years.

But away, though there may still be much to attract us : Greifenstein, a ruined castle, so old that Bishop Rüdiger, of Passau, had to repair its walls in the thirteenth century. Of course the Swedes took it too *en passant*. It is now in possession (o' nights) of swarms of evil spirits, and a White Lady walks here too, no doubt complaining of the company she is in.

Kreutzenstein too, once a ruin, now so wonderfully rebuilt that even Kaiser Wilhelm II. came here to stay and see the improvements, taking hints for a similar enterprise of his own, the Hohkönigsburg.



A BLACKSMITH'S SIGN

CHAPTER VIII



THE tramp of Roman legions still led to victory, when only the humble and meek had turned to the Cross for relief from their sufferings, and a vast orderly body of troops marched out of the west, down the Danube, along the road that led past the foot of the Wiener Wald. A world-famous Corps this, the 10th Legion, came to relieve the 13th, and establish headquarters at Vindobona. Careful records were kept of all that concerned the military doings of those days, but not all have survived. Certain it is, however, that the Romans found here a Celtic settlement, Vindobona, somewhere between the small river Wien and the Southern arm of the Danube, now called Donau-canal. A fair sight met the eyes of those of the legion, as the road left the primeval forest behind and led into the plain, where Danube divides and forms a number of small willow-clad islets. The Celts were there, but they vanished imperceptibly, merged into the stronger nationality of the Romans, and so lost all but the memory of a name. A proud castle was here, built by the Romans, made prouder still by a visit from Marcus Aurelius, who also died here. On the farther north side of the river lived those Teuton tribes, and they frequently crossed over to join issue with the eagles of Rome.

Then Vienna was a fortress only, though no doubt trade went along the Roman road. Now the traveller

who comes out of the west, and looks down from the heights of the Wiener Wald, sees a very different sight. A large city, bound on the north by the broad band of the Danube, now no longer the frontier against savage enemies; church spires, factory chimneys, and the smoke rising from many a peaceful, prosperous home, all speak of a large city; and so it is—the fourth largest in Europe.

Unlike the capitals of other great Empires, Vienna rose to importance at a later period in the history of the States of which it is the centre. For the power of Austria came from the west, as we have seen, and the capital moved eastward, as one enterprising Markgraf after another extended the eastern frontier. So when the migration of nations swept away all traces of Roman dominion and destroyed the place, it was some time before the small remaining settlement of Celts, Romans, and Teutons rose to any importance. The times were much too troubled, for even after the Frankish Empire had taken definite form Huns swarmed past here and left desolation in their wake; and during the Hungarian wars the only mention of Vienna is that Kaiser Konrad's army was destroyed here in 1030. But the German race pushed on steadily eastward, and the Counts of Babenberg extended the frontiers of the Ostmark; and so Vienna recovered, and we find it mentioned as a town in 1137—after Luitpold the Saint had rebuilt the place. Another Babenberger of our acquaintance, Henry II., "Jasomirgott," went further, and laid the foundations of the beautiful Stephan's Kirche, the centre of the city. He also built himself a castle here, and founded a monastery for the monks from Regensburg; here too they were called Scots by mistake, and their memory is kept green in the name of one of the town's fine boulevards—the Schotten Ring. Vienna prospered, and obtained some rights and concessions from Leopold VI., and was sufficiently advanced by the

thirteenth century to defy the Markgraf, Frederick the Fighter, and had an Emperor's support, for Frederick II. came to assist, and invested the town with all the privileges of a "Reichstadt." The Counts of Babenberg died out shortly after, and several important personages competed for the favours of this fair city. Ottokar of Bohemia gained possession for a while, by promising all manner of privileges; whereas Rudolph, of Habsburg, besieged the town. A compromise was arranged; Ottokar gave up Vienna and some German provinces he had acquired, and Vienna became the residence of the Habsburgs. Another Rudolph of Habsburg, fourth of that name, added fresh lustre to the city; he founded the university, and to him St. Stephan's Kirche in its present state is due.

Peace and quiet were not of very long duration in those days, and Vienna had perhaps more than its share of trouble, some self-sought. The town rose against Kaiser Frederick III., and he laid siege to it; but by some cunning tactical device the Viennese managed to turn the tables on this Emperor, and besieged him instead, until George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia, came to the monarch's rescue.

Only four years after this last excitement Matthias Corvinus, Hungary's great King, captured the city and made it his. He died here; but his successors were unable to hold what he had gained, so the Habsburgs moved in again with Kaiser Ferdinand I., and his descendants have resided here ever since.

Of all the capitals of Europe, Vienna has probably seen most trouble—unless Rome may be excepted. London has had centuries of peace in which to develop its uncanny immensity, what troubles there have been have been home-made and of short duration. Paris has led a comparatively untroubled existence—from the time when the Kings of England used to call with their armies,

down to the French Revolution and its consequences. A national eruption such as that is bound to throw up one strong man at least ; so it may safely be said that Napoleon's star arose out of that hideous welter, that his ambition and the nation's vanity led to Jena—but also to the “ Belle Alliance,” and the first crude attempts at German unity, and finally to Sedan, the siege of Paris, and the present enormous power of Germany. Berlin, until recently, was much too unimportant for any larger *entrepreneur*, and Napoleon Bonaparte took it among many other places that he happened to want ; but Vienna, owing to its position, had been subject to much more suffering. As we have seen, Matthias Corvinus and his Hungarians held possession of the town for several years. Then came others, yet more savage foemen ; but fortunately they were kept at bay. From September 22nd till October 15th, 1529, Sultan Suleiman, with 120,000 Turks, besieged and assailed the city. All the power and skill that his race of soldiers could bring to bear was useless against the stout walls of Vienna and the yet stouter hearts of its defenders, gallant Nicolaus von Salen, his 16,000 troops and 5,000 burghers. So Suleiman had to withdraw.

That proud Pope, of the race of Medici, little dreamt of the horrors provoked by his disregarding the little German monk, who had travelled all the way from Thuringian lands to tell his Holiness that he was dissatisfied with the things that went on in Christ's Church on earth. Pope Leo passed by the Augustine monk who had asked for audience, did not even look at him ; so that mighty factor in history, *Furor Teutonicus* seized Martin Luther. It smouldered fiercely within him as he found his way back to Wittenberg, and found expression as he nailed his theses to the church door. So he set Europe aflame.

And Vienna suffered too. Many within the city walls

had taken to the new doctrine, and, as they considered themselves ill-treated by Archduke Ferdinand I., they called Count Matthias von Thurn to their assistance. He came and besieged the city, and left without effecting any change in the situation. Then again, towards the end of the Thirty Years' War, and also in the sacred cause of religion, Torstenson and his Swedes, assisted by the Hungarians, laid siege to the city; they too were forced to leave.

Then a former visitor reappeared before the walls—the Turk; 200,000 of them, under Mustapha. But again Vienna found a gallant defender, Rüdiger von Starhemberg, who, with 13,000 troops and 7,000 citizens, kept the enemy at bay until the Duke of Lorraine, with the Imperial army, came from the west, and was joined by that soul of chivalry, John Sobieski, King of Poland. Then Vienna had peace for over one hundred years, while the Army of the Empire drove the Turks farther eastward and southward, and accounts of Prinz Eugen's victories came to the exultant city.

There are many trophies dating from those stirring times still to be seen in Vienna, at the Arsenal: Turkish tents and stands of arms, the buff coat worn by Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, showing the hole where entered the bullet that killed him, and many other matters of interest, among them a statue to an honest, beefy-looking gentleman, an Englishman of the name of Brown, and one of Austria's successful generals.

Little more than a century elapsed before another enemy came out of the west—the French—and occupied Vienna for two months in 1805. They came again, and by bombardment forced Vienna to surrender, then made it their headquarters until the Peace of Vienna was signed in October 1809.

A yet deadlier enemy has visited this fair city from time to time—the plague—six times between 1370 and

1679, and desolation stalked through the empty narrow streets, and black despair lurked behind the shuttered windows. But the people of Vienna have a glorious power of revival, and are full of the joy of life. The narrow lanes are disappearing, here and there you may yet find one, with a tall, graceful church-tower looking down into it. The quaint old-world corners are being swept away, and with them memories of past misfortunes, and ever-present possibilities of disease. So Vienna, the Kaiserstadt, is now one of the finest cities in Europe, with its broad, shady avenues, called Rings, its gay streets, and the life that seethes merrily everywhere. Indeed it is a fair city and a good place to be in.

It is said that every State has the government it deserves. Can it not be said that every community has the dwelling-place it merits? This should be true of Vienna, for the Viennese, those courteous, cheerful people, have made the city what it is. To them are due the cleanliness, the brightness, and sparkle that rejoice the traveller's eye. Think of it—a genial *Bürgermeister* had the happy thought of decorating the standards for the street-lamps and electric-cars, that in other cities rise in bare ugliness, with flowers growing out of ornamental boxes, some eight feet from the ground.

It is indeed a pleasant place, and pleasant are the



people that live there. Good manners are natural to the Austrians, and generations have practised the gentle art of *savoir vivre*. There are, it is said, instructions still in existence, dating from earlier days, somewhere in the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, but these deal only with trifling matters of deportment. For instance, it is suggested that, when dining at Court, you should not throw your chicken-bones under the table. Hard lines on your dog, of course, should you happen to have brought him with you.

But, as has already been stated, these be mere trifles; the only foundation of real courtesy, a kind heart, beats in the breast of every good citizen of Vienna, and his charming manners are to be found all over the German possessions of the house of Habsburg.



VIENNA, the Kaiserstadt—but how to describe it! how to set about doing justice to such a pleasant theme!

This book deals with Danube—fairly exclusively too, and Danube—at any rate an arm of his—flows through Vienna.

Yes, Vienna is on the Danube—and also on a little river called the Wien, which goes about its business so modestly that few travellers ever become aware of its existence.

Our friend Danube has taken us past many ancient cities, has told us strange tales about them, and then, wandering on, has led us to yet others. Now at this stage Danube may be said to have reached the heyday of manhood. A broad, strong stream, flowing swiftly on, its banks beautiful, its waters beautiful, carrying merchandise up and down stream, connecting east and west. Active tugs drag heavy-laden boats up-stream, prosperous towns stand on its banks, and goods are

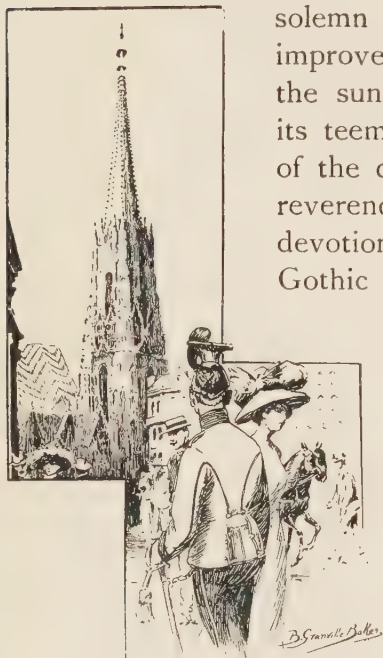
loaded or unloaded there ; passengers bent on pleasure or business find this lordly waterway pleasant and useful ; in fact, Danube is fully active, is offering his stored strength to the service of man, is in every sense beautiful. So very appropriately at this point stands Danube's most important city, Imperial Vienna.

We have touched upon the stirring history of the times during which, out of obscure Vindobonum, arose the Kaiserstadt of the present day, the fourth largest town in Europe. Having done our duty by the past, we may do the same by the present. A very pleasant duty this is too, though more difficult than in the case of other towns, as it is not possible to become so intimate with a larger city in its varying aspects, without devoting a lifetime to the studying of it. And then a whole, large book might convey but an inadequate impression. The scope of this work allows of nothing but a record of fleeting memories. The author tarried here, and was loth to leave ; he is only a holiday-maker who would take kindly readers into his confidence, and give them the best of the little he knows about his subject.

And what a delightful place Vienna is for the holiday-maker ! Everything is made easy and pleasant for him. To begin with, his genial hosts have established an institution, with a name formidable to English ears—"Landes-Verband zur Hebung des Fremden Verkehrs." But under this imposing title the traveller will find a society whose members, courteous as are all Austrians, devote their energies to helping those who wish to become acquainted with their country and its varied beauties. Many have had reason to be grateful to these gentlemen, the author foremost among them.

Everything is made easy to those who are on pleasure bent. The atmosphere of the town is exhilarating. It is a pleasure to walk the broad, well-kept streets and gaze into fascinating shop windows. The tourists' useless

shoppings seem to be stripped of their futility, and invested with an inexplicable piquancy by the smile of welcome that beams across the counter.



The obvious traveller goes his solemn round, and sees the sights that improve the mind ; he will turn in from the sun-bathed Stephan's Platz, with its teeming life, into the cool depths of the cathedral church ; will feel the reverence with which centuries of devotion have clothed the graceful Gothic pillars. Let him sit and rest a moment in one of those age-stained oaken pews in the north aisle, and watch the good folk who can snatch a moment from the day's toil to bend the knee before the mystery of the high altar.

To visit churches, galleries, and other " places of interest " is laudable, so

of course exactly what the serious-minded traveller should do. But, Gentle Sir or Fair Lady, do not overdo it. When you have done your duty put Baedeker aside, and try to enter into the life of this lovable people. Walk about the streets leisurely ; there is no London hustle here. Stroll along the shady boulevards,—the Rings, as they are called—and there you see a green garden open to the public ; go in, and see what you may see there. There, where the spires of the Rathaus spring up over the tops of trees, is a pleasant place to ramble in, and it is characteristic of this warm-hearted people. A statue of gleaming white marble looks over a marble basin, where goldfish move slowly between the roots of water-

lilies white and crimson, looks down an avenue and over well-kept flower-beds. On either hand are marble seats where weary workers rest in the midday heat. The statue, the garden, and the shady seats are placed there in memory of a great lady, fair and gracious—the late Empress of Austria.

Then turn aside and cross the Ring—you will find more gardens. Go where the trees seem to promise most shade, and you will find yet another monument. Two dark figures stand on a pedestal; one holds a violin in his hand and is listening to the other, and both are pleased with some bright idea. One of these is a man to whom the dancing world owes everlasting gratitude, Strauss, the composer of waltzes; the other is his able First Violin. Behind these two figures is a wall, slightly curved, and on it in relief are couples of all ages, dancing with heart and soul, as only Viennese can dance—dancing among roses which seem to fly out of the ballroom, impelled by dainty little shoes and rustling skirts, to the feet of the great master.

Dancing! Yes, the Viennese do dance indeed. They understand it thoroughly, as is right in those among whom Strauss was born. Love of dancing is born and bred in the sons and daughters of this fair city. How should it be otherwise, for nowhere else but in Vienna does any orchestra feel, and make you feel, what the “waltz” really means. Of course there is the same feeling all over the Emperor-King’s dominions; but, fitly, the expression of it reaches its height in the Empire’s capital.

Viennese music leads you to understand the soul of this light-hearted, gracious people, and makes you love them. And this glorious music, and the Viennese capacity of enjoying it, is a very important asset in the life of the



citizens; for, according to their own account, even this fair city, even this happy country of Austria, is full of trouble, or at least matter that might cause trouble, if it were allowed to do so. So, for instance, the Viennese, in fact the Austrians, complain bitterly (in their less gay moments) of the overwhelming officialism which is considered necessary to good government. Indeed, there appear to be officials in endless numbers, and everywhere for the most part they are striking testimony to the excellence of the national cuisine. They are fat and well-liking, and this condition is considered to be due to the large sums drawn from the people in the way of taxation. This is not meant to imply that those whose sphere of activity lies without the circle of officialdom, are lean and withered—rather the contrary; but the official's close-fitting uniform gives greater prominence to *embonpoint*, as the French discreetly phrase it. The wide view and kindlier that is generally met with in persons of generous proportions obtains among the Austrian people whenever the subject of officialism is under discussion, except of course in cases that betray greater stupidity than usual.

Thus many good stories are afloat, all vouched for as facts, though some give the impression of having been drawn from Ben Trovato's rich collection. One specimen will suffice :

The House of Habsburg has many domains scattered about the Duchies of Upper and Lower Austria. These possessions are administered by a body of worthies who congregate around a green table in Vienna to fulfil their high mission.

The report of the manager of a dairy-farm on one of these domains, aroused the "green table" to a show of interest. They sent a memorandum to the manager to this effect : " You show in your report two hundred cows, but only seventy-five calves. How do you account for the small number of the latter ? "

Answer came : " I have put your question to the bull, and he cannot make any more of it either."

The correspondence ceased.

Vienna, so say its citizens, suffers doubly under this weight of full-bodied officialdom, for not only does the city harbour great numbers of State officials, but the town itself has started quite a considerable gregation of the species. For know, then, you visitor to Vienna, that there are many municipal enterprises astir in the city. City police of course, city tram-conductors and drivers, city this and that, all uniformed persons of such importance that an uncivil word, uttered in a moment of vexation, against one of these may have dire and far-reaching consequences. Therefore, above-mentioned visitor, even though your knowledge of expletive German may qualify you for the exalted rank of sergeant in a regiment of Uhlans, keep it to yourself, however painful the process may be.

It is perhaps nothing so unusual to find tramways, lighting, etc., managed by the body corporate of a city, but Vienna carries municipal enterprise further still—there is a municipal brewery! A brimming mug of that municipal beer to the memory of the man whose genius conceived this idea! Think of it, O ye that dwell in Poplar—a municipal brewery! And the mysterious, the miraculous is not absent from this enterprise, apart from the mystery that beer—or at least some beer—invariably suggests. As you all know, gentle readers, breweries pay—or most of them do, and pay well too, however much a Chancellor of the Exchequer may endeavour to tax the frothing tide. Think, then, of the Viennese municipal brewery—no licences are given but to those who undertake to sell this beer! only one restaurant of the many in last year's great exhibition, dispensed other beer than that of the " *Städtisches Brauhaus*." Now comes the miracle—this brewery shows a deficit of about one million florins! Economies of this kind are no mere accomplishment; they are what

Cabby called his infant son's profanity—"A blooming gift!"

We have spent the morning profitably—we have sent the serious-minded, Baedeker in hand, to further increase their knowledge of the world. We have wandered in the gardens with the less serious-minded—have touched lightly on economics, have discoursed on music and dancing, have also mentioned the word "cuisine." This word, in its translation, is of deeper meaning in this country than anywhere else in Europe, Germany excepted, and the reason is not far to seek, for Austrian cookery stands unrivalled, and the sons and daughters of Austria bear witness to this statement. It is only right, therefore, that our travellers should put this statement to a fair test—so let us go and eat.

But stay, there is yet one scene to witness before post-prandial lassitude, a scene typically Viennese—the mounting of the guard at the Hofburg. People are wending their way from the gardens across the open space between the new wings of the Palace, others are streaming in through the archway from the city, all meet in the square enclosed by the somewhat severe-looking sides of the older part of the building. On that side, bathed in the light of the midday sun, are the Emperor's apartments, on the opposite side the guard-room. A sentry stands by his box, to his left are rifles in brackets, and on a bench in the background sit soldiers of the guard which is about to be relieved. Their uniform shows them to belong to the Regiment "Deutschmeister," an old corps of German nationality, and with a stirring history in the past. The sentry is a fine, upstanding lad, with an air of alertness reminiscent of the French soldier, yet withal of sturdier build. His uniform is neat, and not showy: blue-grey trousers, close-fitting tunic of a darker blue relieved by facings of light grey, and on his head a shako adorned with the double eagle in brass.

While we wait a small party march past with slow, solemn step and a gravity becoming to men of such exceptional stature and so bravely arrayed. Scarlet tunic gold-braided, white breeches and long boots, the whole crowned by a helmet with waving white plume. They carry halberds and a long, straight sword at their side—these are men of the Emperor's body-guard, or, to give them their full title, "Trabanten Leibgarde." In the meantime the crowd of sightseers has increased and big men, in green tunics with red facings, their German-looking leather helmets adorned with a black plume, clear a space that surrounds a statue in the middle of the square. These men are members of the "Burgwache"—they look very imposing indeed, but later on in the day we shall see that they can unbend. Sounds of martial music in the distance—it dies away, and conversation, which had ceased for a moment, resumes. From the sentry comes a long-drawn "Heraus!" the old guard turns out briskly, takes up arms and "falls in." Smart officers draw swords and cast a glance along the ranks—all is in perfect order. Then the sound of music bursts suddenly from out of an archway to our right in the far corner of the square, and the new guard marches on, headed by a band of Hungarian infantry. A band that knows how to tone down brass instruments to produce a volume of sound without the harshness and blatancy which some military bands still consider a feature of martial music, leads a company of Bosnian infantry into the courtyard. Swarms of citizens mostly youthful and of lesser importance, escorts the new guard, marching in step, and the "Burgwache" are actively engaged in keeping them from barring the way. As a matter of fact, the Hungarian musicians and the Bosnians that follow after, look as if it would take a good deal more than a Viennese rabble to bar their progress. The Hungarians, but for tight-fitting pantaloons, dressed like Austrian infantry, and the Bosnians in light blue, their

legs guarded by leggings of the same hue, and a jaunty fez as a pleasant touch of colour. They march briskly, with a free, swinging step and make an active, alert, and altogether favourable impression. Then the old and new guard confront each other, and the ceremony of changing guard is performed in all the pomp and circumstance attending such functions. The author knows all about such matters, but will only mention one part of the ritual. The two guards present arms to the colours, and the solemn chords of Haydn's grand hymn fill the palace precincts with volumes of glorious sound. Should you see, among the crowd, a head uncovered, you may take it that it belongs to an Englishman.

The band plays for a while after the ceremony of guard-mounting has been duly performed, plays more delicious Austrian "waltzes," or thrills you with Hungarian harmonies, exuberant one moment, drawing laughter from the stately buildings, then dropping into soul-moving minor cadences, wailing laments of a strong race that has suffered horribly—a fiercely triumphant finish—the voices of those who have conquered adversity.

Music and martial display, and sight-seeing too, though elevating to the soul, cause a certain expenditure of energy. It is therefore no wonder that, after a morning devoted to such high matters, the body should proclaim its wants with some insistency. It is past midday, and no doubt the most strenuous and high-minded of our fellow-travellers recall the word "cuisine" (*Küche*) and hears the voice—none so small and still—which tells him it is time to eat. Vienna offers a large and varied choice of establishments where the inner man may seek refreshment, and it is banal to say that the choice depends upon individual taste. As already stated, the choice is great. Possibly one or the other of us may be attracted by the sonorous title "Rathauskeller"—another municipal venture, located within the precincts and below the buildings of the stately Rathaus.

And quite a good place, too, for our purpose ; the municipal authorities have a very choice taste in wine, their minions cook well, and the company there assembled for purposes of refreshment is most select. You will see portly gentlemen, quite proud of wearing evening dress in the middle of the day, feasting energetically yet with unction. They have come up from the provinces to attend some function, perchance, and consider it right to gather strength. The waiters cluster busily around these dignitaries—no doubt the dazzling shirt-front is the bond between them. It is unfortunately true that other guests, less sumptuously attired, may wait.



Others may prefer to lunch at one of the pleasant restaurants in the public gardens—given fair weather this idea is worth considering.

Yes, these places are not truly characteristic of the people—they have left the homely state and cater for Cosmopolis. Hidden away in quaint corners and narrow streets you may still find something old but new to you who are in search of food. One such establishment attracts by its name alone—officially it is known as “*Zum Goldenen Drachen*,” and there really is a gilt dragon somewhere upstairs, but to those who know it is the “*Bierklinik*.” Such a name is sufficient guarantee for at least one form of refreshment, and promises well for more solid matter. The outward appearance of the place is not of the ostentatious order—no vast plate-glass windows from which habitués cast overfed glances at the passers-by ; you enter by a narrow doorway to find yourself in a maze of small vaulted chambers, most of them crowded. After some wandering up two steps here, and down four steps there, you find a tiny, secluded spot. The furniture is of plain, unstained wood and all the appointments are scrupulously

clean. The waiter brings you a glass of Pilsener beer as a matter of course, and offers you the bill of fare. It is of prodigious length, and most of it in a strange language—for the place where you are is Bohemian, the cookery is of that country, and in Vienna, among a people who understand these matters, Bohemian cookery is held in great respect. Bohemian cooks are in great demand; we shall see them in person later on, but at present we are concerned only with the fruits of their subterranean labours.

To enter into details of the repast we finally contrive to choose from out the exuberant bill of fare, is not within the province of this work. The author does not wish it to be supposed that this is a *voyage des gourmets*, or that he personally—not to put too fine a point upon it—is in the habit of travelling on his “tummy.” Let us suppose, therefore, that we are thoroughly refreshed, have emerged from the cool depths where that recreation took place into the broad light of day and the glare of an afternoon sun.



To quite complete the performance it is well to rest awhile, and nowhere can this be done better than at some neighbouring café. Like all the rest of the world in this town, we take our seats under an awning, on chairs that encroach upon the pavement, and pass half an hour in watching our fellow-men, and take notes of the divers types that make up the moving pictures of street-life. The *Fiaker*—called after the vehicle he drives

—like others of his kind, is gifted with a knowledge, intimate and peculiar, of his own language. Officers in uniform, some light blue, others dark, again others in the new field-uniform, a light grey, which is said to render the wearer almost invisible, like Siegfried's *Tarn Kappe*;

but the degree of invisibility very much depends upon the bulk of the wearer. Fair ladies may be seen walking with the sons of Mars, fair and dainty ladies, in cool summer dresses—they add yet another charm to this delightful city, and every visitor to Vienna should feel profoundly grateful for their gracious presence. In fact, everything is very pleasant under the conditions above described, and the half-hour over coffee lengthens into undue proportions.

But we must be up and doing, and some gentle exercise might do us no harm. So we walk down the *Roten Turm Gasse*, along the broad *Prater Strasse*, and at the monument to Admiral *Tegethoff*, a column decorated in classic style with the prows of ships, we take tram for yet another place of entertainment. This place is called the “*Gänse Häufl*,” which being interpreted means, a little heap of sand where geese disport themselves. The name was richly deserved in former years, though whether it be so still is left to the visitor’s discretion. The original geese were dislodged some years ago by a speculative gentleman of Vienna, who in their stead induced bathers to foregather on the sand-heap, and shelters, etc., were erected for their accommodation. And the bathers did foregather—bathing at the “*Gänse Häufl*” became popular, it also became mixed—too mixed, according to the opinion of the city authorities, who stepped in and bought the place. So here we find another municipal undertaking—and in this instance a useful one—in full working order. There are three separate bathing-places: one for ladies only, one for men only, and, in between the two, one for families. A family may not consist of less than one member of either sex, though the politeness of the officials restrains them from troubling such “family bathers” with questions that might be considered indiscreet. There are other forms of bathing than the primitive one of taking a dip in the water—you may cover yourself with sand until nothing is seen of you

but your nose ; or, again, you may remain quite uncovered, and allow the sun to peel you. Both these forms of bathing have many followers, and in the sand-bath you must walk circumspectly, and not step on any of the hillocks within view, for they would give forth sounds of rumbling protest, like a miniature earthquake, and if you should tread heavily on the central, more pronounced protuberance you will feel a volcanic shock.

Authors go everywhere, as a matter of course, and therefore this one is in a position to describe the "Familien Bad." He entered, no matter by what means, and was escorted to the men's dressing cubicles ; there an important municipal officer cast a searching glance over the author's torso, and insulted him who is well content with his breadth of beam, with a garment into which only one half of that stately form could be inserted. However, an ampler garb was forthcoming.

A swim in the cool, swift stream, and then lounge upon the sands, and watch the cheerful family life around you. Cries of delight from the water, as mixed parties slide down a steep incline into the stream, the sliding performed in a recumbent position ; echoing sounds of mirth from the sands as the same parties, yet more mixed, reappear, puffing and blowing ; sounds of laughter from the café at the back—the café that offers all possible means of refreshment, and even puts you into telephonic communication with your office, if you boast of one. Laughter and brightness, sunshine and flashing water, sun-baked sands and shady trees—all these belong to that excellent municipal institution the "Gänse Häußl."

It is not to be wondered at that time passes quickly under such pleasant conditions and by the time we have returned to the Tegethoff monument, the shadows have lengthened. There are other signs of the close of day. The city seems to be emptying itself into that pleasant wooded wilderness, the Prater. There are really two

Praters; one is highly respectable—a wide road leads through it, and everybody who is anybody drives here of an afternoon. There is also the “Volk’s” Prater, which offers quite another aspect. It is popularly called the “Wurschtl Prater,” and those who understand German will grasp the meaning of this idiom. This section of the Prater offers many more attractions, and more varied than the one we have described as highly respectable. There are wide streets and narrow lanes, all lined with places of entertainment, merry-go-rounds, theatres, mario-nettes, peep-shows, and, above all, restaurants. The hinterland of this merry spot is densely wooded, but never quite deserted.

The Wurschtl Prater is the place *par excellence* where you see the people of Vienna fully enjoying life. Particularly favoured are the merry-go-rounds, the horses of which are not



only borne round and round by the usual means, but they have also some mechanical contrivance which the rider controls, and which gives to his proud steed a rocking motion. The side-shows are much the same as elsewhere in this perennial fair, but the theatrical performances are far better, and are intensely amusing.

It has been a hot day, the air has not quite cooled down yet, though daylight has made way for electric illumination; so the name of “Eisvogel,” displayed over a restaurant, draws us into a pleasant garden. An orchestra of ladies, white-robed, a scarlet sash over one shoulder, is making music enthusiastically; when they stop a Hungarian band at the other side of the garden strikes up, the waiters are brisk and smiling, everything looks clean and tidy—yes, this is a good place to be in.

Your thoughts then turn to the evening meal, and the waiter kindly assists you in the difficulty of choosing from a varied bill of fare, offering everything but bread and cheese. If you require the latter you call "Käs" or "Salami," and a worthy elder bears down upon you with his basket of assorted cheese—you make your choice, and a slice is deftly cut and handed to you on paper. You want bread, so you shout "Brot-schani," which being interpreted meaneth "Bread-johnnie," and a small boy appears, to offer you your choice from a big basket. This promising infant is in many cases the son of "Salami," and no doubt, in time, advances from the bread to the cheese stage. We have promised to show those who follow our adventures some Viennese dancing, to give them a proof that the brave men of the "Burgwache" can at times unbend, and also a sight of the Bohemian cook. All this may be done in the Wurschtel Prater, where a large establishment offers every encouragement to the devotees of Terpsichore. We enter, and proceed straight upstairs to the gallery, where couples are either sipping beer, or watching the proceedings below. A capital orchestra strikes up an irresistible waltz, and immediately the polished floor below is taken up by hundreds of couples who dance as only enthusiasts know how to do. Now we see the "Burgwache" in lighter vein, here the Bohemian cook floats on the arm of a Hungarian Hussar through the giddy mazes of the dance. A wonderful sight, truly, for those ladies are mostly redundant of person; but then, the better the cook the more generous her proportions.

There is other dancing to be seen within the confines of the Prater—there is the "Casino de Paris," a place of more pretensions, whither neither "Burgwache" nor Bohemian cook ever find their way. The dances performed here are international and—erotic.

But this is not for those who have been busy holiday-making all day, so we turn from the delights of the Prater

and pass through quiet streets to the heart of the city. Here cafés are still crowded, light streams from their large windows on to the pavement outside, bringing the painted face of a passing shadowy form into momentary relief, emphasising for a second the saddening smile of carmined lips and the furtive glance of dark-rimmed eyes. Other forms emerge from the darker lanes, linger at street corners, then set out upon their nightly round. But who may condemn them? Poor souls!

CHAPTER IX



As the sounds of city life die away towards the small hours of the morning, during the stillness that reigns even in a large town before the dawn, a familiar voice calls to us. It is Danube, reminding us that he has brought us so far, shown us so much, and that we should not forget him, for the delights of Vienna. The rumbling of heavy country carts over the granite pavement of the town, the harsh clangour of a bell warning these carts to move out of the way of electric traction, drives us forth, back to our old allegiance, back to gentle, swift-flowing Danube.

Danube carries us eastwards. Vienna is awaking in a smoky haze—not the unlovely pall that hangs heavy over our large manufacturing towns, pressed down by a grey, cloudy sky, but a film as it were, that readily absorbs the light of the rising sun, and throws out opalescent colour to greet it. There, through the haze, are the faint outlines of the Wiener Wald. Vienna and its stirring history

Danube's course winds here as in pain, for from the south the last spurs of the Leitha range, outposts of the Alps, press into the river's bank and force the stream towards the low-lying northern country. Fast-flowing Danube checks the gentle influx of the March, and a silver line drawn from the farther bank to the foot of the rocky promontory on which stands ancient Theben, marks the place where the waters meet without mingling immediately; but they swirl in unison round the southern side, to eastward, and Danube absorbs the story told by gentle March. An ancient river, broad and placid, the March, the Marus of the Romans, called Marcha in old German, and Morava by Slavs. Pleasant and fair to look upon are the fields that owe their riches to this river, the river which gave a name, Moravia, to what is now a fertile province, once a mighty empire.

When the last rays of sunshine have faded in the summer sky a light breeze, coming from the north, moves the rushes by the water-side to whisper tales of early days all wrapt in mystery, of days when man sought refuge in caves from strange animals, of great but gradual changes on the face of the earth till the course of March was definitely settled. Then man appeared upon the banks again, and built him huts on piles to live in. Man became articulate and found names, not only for the things he daily needed, but for ideas. Out of ideas ideals were born, and one of the strongest yet known was that of clanship. This led to strife when others, whose ideals were yet further ripened, came that way.



They came, those Germans of the Suabian race of Quadi, and because they were stronger than the first settlers, these Celts—perhaps the Volcæ Tectosages—vanished. Tacitus found the Quadi here, and the shifting of Europe's primitive population brought Heruli, Rugii, and Langobardi into the land. Then in the sixth century Slavs found their way here, and brought with them more definite ideas of government than their precursors had risen to. So by the ninth century the various clans had been welded together into a great Moravian Empire by their princes, Moimir, Rastislav, and Svatopluk. Its centre was in central Moravia of to-day; it included North-western Hungary, and extended its frontiers to Bohemia and Poland. So arose Moravia, founded by Moimir; Rastislav, his successor, met with the troubles that fell to the lot of those who had powerful neighbours in those days, and was constantly at war with the encroaching Franks. He called to the Emperor of the East for help, and Greek priests were sent to counteract the Frankish influences, by converting the Moravians. Svatopluk still held up his head before the threatening storm, but after his death the Empire of Moravia went under. Wild hordes of Hungarians devastated the country in 906, and left it a helpless prey to other nations. Bohemia and Poland acquired strength by the decline of Moravia, which for a century was subject to one or other of those States, till in 1029 the former retained possession, and Moravia still forms part of that Kingdom. This did not mean peace for that unlucky country; it was frequently partitioned, and was constantly the scene of strife and bloodshed, with occasional intervals of happiness, as when Kaiser Karl IV. gave it to his brother Johann, or during the reign of King Wenzel of Bohemia. Moravia took to the doctrines of the Reformation, but was forcibly brought back to the Church of Rome; the Thirty Years' War raged over this country, and Turks and Tartars have devastated it. The



WHERE THE MARCH FLOWS INTO THE DANUBE.



eagles of France hovered over the land, and Austerlitz was won and lost on December 2nd, 1805. Sixty-one years later Prussian troops marched through Moravia. Now peace reigns over the fair country to which the Morava gave name.

Rising sheer out of the waters of Danube and March, stands Hungary's western outpost. A rocky prominence, girt with ruins of massive masonry, crowned by a tall monument of dazzling white marble. This is Theben, or Dévény, as the Hungarians have it, in derivation from the Slav Devina, which recalls a legend that the stronghold owed its origin to a maiden. Long before the days of Arpád, whose statue looks down upon Danube and March, a castle crowned this height, and Arpád wrested it from the Moravians when he had led his wild followers across all Hungary, towards the end of the ninth century. Since then Hungary has held this strong place, held it against many a powerful foe, against the armies of German Emperors before a scion of the House of Habsburg rose to the crown of Stephan, the Saint; again when Star and Crescent flashed westward, towards the heart of the Empire—for even down to 1683 these historic walls fulfilled their purpose. But after that event they were allowed to fall into decay, and were finally broken by Napoleon in 1809.

Danube recalls those earliest days of the House of Arpád. How in 895-6 Arpád came out of the east, with thousands of his keen, relentless horsemen. Goths and Gepidi, Langobardi and Avari, went down under that wild invasion, and Arpád took possession of the country. He conquered North-western Hungary in alliance with Kaiser Arnulf, but then thought to annex the Frankish portion of the land as well. So war broke out between Franks and Hungarians, and lasted until near the close of the tenth century, till Henry I. had repulsed them at Riade, and Otto the Great had

won the great victory to which the Lech River was witness.

Then the Hungarians settled within their borders, beyond the Ost-mark of the German Empire, and Duke Géza became a Christian, he and many of his people. Géza's infant son was christened Stephan, and was later called "the Saint"; for he organised the Church in his country, and forced his subjects to be converted. He extended the frontiers of his dominions, including Transylvania, then obtained of Pope Sylvester permission to assume royal style and title, and crowned himself King of Hungary in 1001. He laid the foundations of much future trouble by giving to priests and nobles many privileges, amongst these exemption from all taxation.

Trouble began under the reign of his nephew and successor, Peter. Stephan's forced converts revolted, and joined that party of the people who had remained in Paganism. Peter called to Kaiser Henry III. for aid, and defeated his rival, Aba Samuel. But because Peter took his kingdom in fief from the Emperor, he was again deposed, and deprived of eyesight.

Andreas, a Christian King, followed Peter, to be dethroned by his more popular brother, Béla I. But Solomon, son of Andreas, got hold of the crown, assisted by his brother-in-law, Henry V.; his people expelled him, and chose Béla's son, Géza I. Others followed, who enlarged the dominions of the house of Arpád, Ladislaus the Saint, who acquired Croatia in 1091, and then his nephew, Koloman, who conquered Dalmatia.

With the extension of territory came conflict with other greater Empires, so Stephen III. lived through troubled times between two strong men, Kaiser Frederick Barbarossa, and Manuel, Emperor of the East; and Hungary was shorn of some of her possessions. Then again, Andreas II., though a Crusade he undertook had been successful, was forced to restore to his nobility the

ancient rights of which stronger predecessors had deprived them, and, moreover, to sanction a new and dangerous privilege, that of bearing arms against their King.

Mongols invaded Hungary in the reign of Béla IV., yet the nobles continued in disloyalty to the Crown, and Hungary threatened to fall from her high estate. Neighbouring rulers were quick to perceive this, and Béla's son and grandson, Stephen V. and Ladislaus IV., were drawn into the quarrel over the Babenberg succession. A Hungarian army gave Rudolph von Habsburg the victory over Ottokar, King of Bohemia. On the banks of the March, on a plain called the Marchfeld, Ottokar's army was vanquished, himself killed.

The house of Arpád vanished, other dynasties came and went, rulers and kings, strong men who had won what they held, weaklings too, who had lost what they had inherited—such is the stirring history of Hungary. Danube, having told us some of it, is now about to show us the glorious country where these things happened. There, where you see that grey ruin upon a height, history was made; there, at the foot of the height lies an historic town. It is Pressburg, the ancient capital of Hungary, and Danube is taking us thither.

Vineyards bathed in sunshine, glorious forests on our left, to the right where the Leitha range fades away southward, the vast fertile plains of Hungary begin, beyond the fringe of grey-green willows. Bathed in sunshine, too, the ancient city of Pressburg, Hungary's largest town after the new capital, Buda-Pesth. A busy town is Pressburg, not content with dreaming over the traditions of a glorious past, but keen on profiting by all the means that modern progress offers. Danube brings merchandise to Pressburg from the east, and for the convenience of this business there are extensive harbour works. Behind the height that guards the old

town from the north wind, and to the eastward, are factories; but the wisdom of the city fathers has so ordered matters, that no obtrusive evidence of industry spoils the beauty of Nature's features. In the town there are old streets and narrow, new avenues with rows of shady trees, old houses and new; but all harmonise to make Pressburg what it is—a good place to be in.

How old is Pressburg? But Danube does not count by such limitations as centuries. "There were men here," he says, "long before man was capable of recording his short history. There was a people here whose name is only half remembered. Some call them Jazygen; they stayed but for a day or so, and then made way to others—forbears of some of those who live here now. Of Teuton origin these—called Quadi by a Roman historian. Then came the Slavs; they founded the Moravian State, which Morava has told you of, and they called this place Vratislavia. But Arpád drove out the Moravians and settled his Magyars here, and their descendants are here still—at least one-third of the whole population. And of the others that you see here one-half are Germans; then there are Slovaks, Croats, Serbs, Bulgarians, and Roumanians. They live here peacefully together. Go to the market-place, friend! There will you find them busy, and happy in their business."

We follow Danube's advice, visit the market-place, and note with pleasure how all these loyal subjects of the Emperor-King go about their daily tasks in perfect harmony. We turn our steps towards the heart of the city, the Rathaus. The first glance at this building, or rather congregation of buildings of various dates and styles, suggests delicious bits of local history. The Gothic tower, the oldest part, must tell its story first. Jacob, a town councillor, caused it to be built in 1288, but it appears that funds were not forthcoming to pay for the venture; so Jacob's son pawned the tower to Isaac the Jew, who

thus acquired it in 1387. In the same year, however, the town raised the required sum—447 ducats—and became owner. Other buildings were acquired from time to time, but the tower with its ornate porch and vaulted passage holds its place as centre of the group, which, by the way, is now being rearranged. Quaint and historic devices decorate the outside of the tower. There is the coat of arms of Anjou, recalling Robert of Anjou, whom the



estates of Hungary raised to the throne. His was a glorious reign ; he introduced western ways and the ideals of western chivalry. Yet more glorious was the reign of Louis the Great, his son, from 1370 to 1382, who, like his father before him, was also King of Naples, and was elected King of Poland. He extended his dominions over the Northern Balkan lands, reconquered Dalmatia from the Venetians, and founded a university.

Above the gateway is evidence of the piety of other days—an inscription :

Non est sapientia, non est prudentia.
Non est consilium adversus Dominum.
Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos.

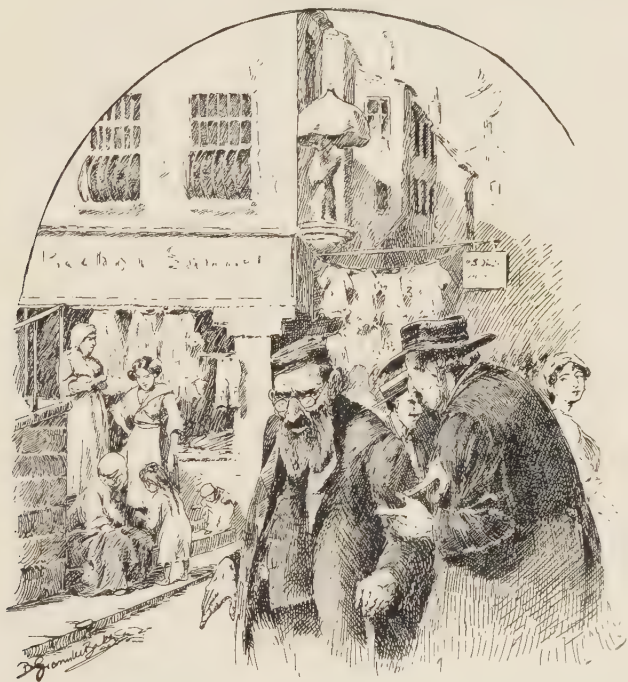
Other decorations, useful in their day—a knife to determine the size of the butcher's weapon, and an iron yard-measure—both let into the wall. Here the honest haberdasher could correct his measure.

Legend, of course, held, still holds, her sway in Pressburg, and one quaint old tale concerns the image of a face in fresco on the wall, beside a Gothic window. The colour is faded, giving the face a ghostly look, appropriate to the tale that hangs thereby. Some say it is meant for a portrait of Solon, Lycurgus, or some such renowned lawgiver. Danube knows better; this is the countenance of a town councillor who committed perjury. The Devil came for him at once, flew out of the window, and, in his unholy joy at having caught an immortal soul, flung the dignitary against the wall with such force that a lasting imprint of the sinner's features remains to this day.

The room wherein the deed was done that met with such swift retribution is now the town museum, and includes many things of beauty and great interest. There is a door, for instance, of marvellous workmanship, fashioned by a skilful craftsman of Pressburg in 1575. It has seventeen locks, all connected by wrought-iron work of quaint design, and one turn of the wrist locks or unlocks them all.

Instruments of torture are here, records of punishments meted out to offenders, instructions as to the treatment of witches—in fact a rare collection of relics illustrating the life of a medieval walled city—a city that had early attained to the dignity of *Reichsunmittelbar*, had shown itself of independent judgment when disputes arose between different claimants to the throne of Hungary.

Stephan, the Saint, saw the first efforts at municipal organisation. When Andreas I. and Béla I. quarrelled about the succession, Pressburg's stout burghers manned the walls and defied even the Emperor, Henry III., who came down the Danube with a large fleet to besiege the city. His failure, 'tis said, was due to the brave diver,



Kund, who pierced holes in the enemy's ships by night and scuttled them.

Other unwelcome visitors came from the west — crusaders in wild, licentious swarms. Pressburg opened hospitable gates, but soon had reason to regret having given admittance to those who bore the cross upon their shield. The town suffered horribly under these Christian warriors, notably the Jews, who were savagely persecuted. Nearly three centuries later Ludwig the Great expelled the Jews from Pressburg; but they returned a few years later,

and their descendants may yet be seen in the quaint old street at the foot of the hill, on which stands Pressburg's castle. The Ghetto gates have fallen, and no longer are the children of Israel compelled to live in "Juden Gasse." The "Juden Zins," a tax levied upon each individual Jew, formerly paid to the Crown, then presented to the town by a grateful Queen, Elizabeth, widow of King Albert, has been abolished. Jews and Christians are equal before the law, and equity seems to reign where once was gross injustice.

But tell us, Danube, you who have watched these sons of men struggling out of darkness towards the light, does prejudice still linger in the hearts of men? Are fine distinctions still drawn between citizens whose interests are identical—distinctions based on racial and religious grounds?

Danube, flowing past the ancient capital of Hungary, points out how, out of chaos, grew an ordered State; how groups became welded together into a tribe, tribes into nations, and nations into well-managed empires. And in the process each man learnt the value of co-operation, learnt to respect his neighbour, and thus himself gained the self-reliance which kills prejudice.



CHAPTER X



THE life of a traveller, of the man of no particular city, has many amenities. Constant change, infinite variety of interest, make up his existence. If he wield the pen, though but indifferently, he has the satisfaction of imagining that there may be some disposed to share his interest, by reading what he has to say about other countries, other peoples. Many of those who read are men of cities, men whose life is centred wholly in some large town. To them the author would appeal—for they appeal to him. The daily life of a city, the history of centuries during which it developed to its present state, is a source of absorbing interest. And this interest is intensified by converse with the citizens, with those whose endeavours are towards adding yet greater glories to a city glorified by the deeds of their forbears.

This civic loyalty is very strong in Pressburg, and comes to expression in an institution of great usefulness. For here the traveller will find a peculiarly active Society, which aims at encouraging visitors to the city.

The secretary, keen and courteous, as are all Hungarians, will infect you with his enthusiasm when he tells you tales of his old birth-place. He leads you through narrow streets, where quaint wrought-iron signs hang over ancient doorways, shows you here a gem of Gothic architecture, there a tower and gateway, sternly closed to foe, hospitably open to friend. Many an enemy has battered at that gate, not always in vain, to the

great discomfort of the city. So when Béla the Blind was king, Borics, the son of Koloman's faithless wife, laid claim to the crown of Stephan the Saint. When



Béla died and Géza II. ruled in his stead, two knights of the Austrian Duke Henry, "Jasomirgott," gained possession of the town for Borics by a cunning device, and only left after exacting a large sum of money.

One hundred years later the watchers from the towers of Pressburg saw a cloud-storm approaching. Savage hordes of Tartars seethed about the city walls endeavouring in vain to force them. A heavy pall of smoke by day, by night the glare of burning villages and farms, seared the face of the fair landscape. The Tartars failed in their attempt and withdrew. But a deadlier foe was not to be denied admittance—famine.

Another savage enemy gained entry into the city, Ottokar of Bohemia—and left it a smouldering mass of ruins. But Ottokar was vanquished and killed in battle, as we have seen, and Ladislaus, who had led his Hungarians to victory, built the church and monastery of the Franciscans in memory of the delivery of Pressburg from the hands of the Bohemian.

We enter a wide doorway near the Rathaus, pace a long corridor, and, in answer to our ring, a heavy door is opened. A Franciscan monk, in brown cowl and sandalled feet, admits us and leads us to the Abbots' cell. Here we obtain permission, courteously given, to view the ancient monastery. A brother leads us to the chapel, the old chapel of the monastery. For centuries, since a new one had been built, this chapel was disused. It had been built up, but now the unlovely additions of later days are being removed, and the original work is

reappearing, Gothic—glorious thirteenth-century Gothic—of rare and exquisite beauty. Below this chapel are vaults, below these other vaults. The city authorities are steadily, scientifically restoring this beautiful monument to the light of day, and have earned the lasting gratitude of at least one traveller.

At other times the bells, which had given grave warning of approaching danger, would peal forth in glorious exuberance, their voices falling over each other, it seemed, in the joy of bringing good tidings. For up in the castle on the hill there were great events in progress. The city gates had been thrown open wide, and guests came in from every quarter—guests who had come to witness the crowning of a King. Then down from the castle moves a brilliant cavalcade in pageant before us. Let us watch these, the departed Great, imaged by our fantasy out of dancing sun-rays. There is Maximilian, and Maria his wife, and in the splendour of the scene Pressburg forgets that Suleiman's Pasha rules at Ofen, that the Crescent is preparing for the victory of Scigetvar, however gallantly Niki Zriny may oppose the rising tide.

Then comes Rudolf, who granted a constitution to his people, and gave them religious liberty. He relieved his country from the heavy tribute paid to the Sultan since Ofen fell in 1541, by the Peace of Zsitvatoroker.

A cloud seems to throw its shadow over Rudolf passing by; he broke his royal word and was deposed. Matthias II. follows after, an invalid unable to contend with the fierce forces that raged about the throne of Hungary. Religious strife was loose, and Ferdinand II., who follows Matthias in this glittering pageant, proved intolerant.

Pázmány, Primate of Hungary, held the King's soul in his keeping, and brought many of the high nobility back to the Church of Rome; thus the Protestants lost their majority in Parliament.

As background to this scene of coronation splendour hover red revolution, fierce religious strife, and, worse than these, the fiercer onslaughts of the Turks. Then, as the centuries move on, a serener note prevails. The Crescent had failed before the walls of Vienna, its light was waning, as "Prinz Eugen, der Edle Ritter," pursued his triumphant way.

Religious persecution revived but for a short time, Franz Rákóczi's revolution, instigated by "le Roi Soleil," flickered for a moment, then Joseph I.'s successor, Karl III., laid the foundations of a lasting internal peace, in 1711, by restoring the old constitution.

Of all this line of sovereigns, none are more entitled to reverence than that pathetic figure, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, crowned Queen of Hungary here, in the loyal city of Pressburg.

Danube has told us, as he bore us on his winding way, through wooded valleys, and sun-bathed vineyards, past ancient towns, and peaceful hamlets, how Austria's neighbours, forgetful of chivalry, harried the young Empress-Queen. Maria Theresa turned to her loyal Hungarians for aid. She had been crowned at Pressburg, had stood on the coronation hill down by the river, where now stands her statue supported on either side by sons of Hungary, and her young heart had been stirred by the acclamations of an intensely, passionately loyal people; so to them she turned in her hour of sore distress. And not in vain, for on that height yonder, in the now ruined castle, was enacted a scene worthy of the glorious traditions of a great nation. The morning of September 11th, 1741, saw the estates of the realm assembled in the throne-room of the castle. In simple, moving terms the fair young Queen, tears in her eyes, told of her troubles, and begged for assistance.

Sabres flashed from their scabbards, keen eyes flashed in response, as hundreds of proud nobles, fiery sons of

the endless Puzsta, strong men of the mountains that border Hungaria, cried "Elyen!" to their Queen, and swore to defend her *vitam et sanguinem*!

Danube rejoiced and was glad, and carried the tidings down to the farthest frontiers of Hungary, and sent back echoing response to his old friend the castle, that stands on the hill above Pressburg. Danube may know when the first stone of that castle was laid, but keeps silence. Certain it is that here was a stronghold which defied Kaiser Heinrich, which kept the Tartars at bay, and gave shelter and safety to those who worked for the good of their fellows. Well does Danube remember the joy at the birth of that fair maid, daughter of Andreas II. and Gertrud of Meran. She left those sheltering walls at the age of four, the betrothed of Hermann, Count of Thuringia, who took her away to the Wartburg. Then, ten years later, she married; all lovers of music know of her. But happiness was not hers for long. Hermann, the Count, never returned from the Crusade; he died at Otranto, and his brother expelled her and her children. So she sought refuge with Eckbert, Bishop of Bamberg, her uncle. Her life was devoted to good works, but it was all too short. She died at the age of twenty-four in 1231, and four years later was canonised by Pope Gregory IX.

When Matthias the King lived here he built the entrance gateway. The holy crown of St. Stephen was brought here in 1552, and placed in that stout tower at the south-west corner; two nobles took it in turn to guard this treasure day and night.

Maria Theresia, a grateful Queen, often resided here, and her days were the most brilliant the ancient castle has witnessed.

But its glory departed, and a fire in 1811 left it what it is to-day—a shadow of former greatness.

Saga has woven her web around this crumbling ruin, and half-remembered tales are told by the winter wind,

as he hurries through vaulted passages and rustles in the branches of the trees that now fill up the castle-yard. He asks Danube: "Do you remember Zsolt, the great chief of the Hungarians? And Emerich, who was lord of this castle?" And Danube recalls how, in those days, Emerich went forth from the castle with his own followers alone, for Zsolt had refused to assist Ludolf, Duke of Bavaria, against Kaiser Otto the Great. But Otto beat his enemies at Regensburg, and Emerich escaped alone and wounded to Zsolt, who threw him into a dungeon. There Emerich died. But his spirit knows no rest. To atone for cruelty to his people, he is doomed to wander about the precincts of the castle, warning others of impending disaster. So he appeared when noble young Ladislaus Hunyádi was murdered. He haunts an underground passage that leads from Pressburg to the ruined castle at Wolfstal. You may see that ruin on clear days, over the Danube, on the range of hills that ends abruptly in that steep height crowned by Hainburg's broken castle.

Wolfstal, too, has its story—the castle is still called Mädchenburg, in honour of a maiden. Her father and the other knights were all away at the war against the Turks when this castle was attacked; she and a few retainers successfully defended it.

Below us lies a little island, covered with dense undergrowth and willows. Here, too, Legend has lingered. Here the Burgundians halted on their way to Etzel's court. They arranged to cross the river here. The Danube maidens who had escorted them on their way, were about to leave them to their fate, when dark Hagen rent their garments from them, threatening to retain them unless they prophesied smooth things. And this they did, promising them riches and great success when they should reach the court of Etzel. But when they regained their attire, one of them turned to Hagen and said: "We have lied to you. You are going to your death. None but

the ferryman and the chaplain shall escape." In order to prevent this prediction from becoming true, Hagen killed the ferryman and threw the chaplain into the river; but, to Hagen's consternation, the chaplain swam to the farther shore, and so escaped. Of the Burgundians we know that not one returned.

Let us turn from the ruined castle, for Danube calls us, past the cathedral where so many kings were crowned. We linger before the statue to St. Martin, to whom this church is dedicated. The statue is the work of Rafael



Donner, who lived in the eighteenth

century. St. Martin is seen on horseback, in the national costume of Hungary, his sabre divides the coat of which one half is meant for the recumbent beggar. This statue was originally placed inside the cathedral, but a German-minded bishop had it removed, considering a horse to have no business in church. It now stands between the two eastern buttresses of the chancel.

We linger here and there as we pass through the narrow streets, for quaint legends hover about them. Here at midnight a rumbling sound is heard from time to time. It is caused by a heavy wagon, so heavy that all the houses shake as it passes by. Some say it is drawn by five horses, and the Devil walks by the fifth horse's head. Woe to the mortal who looks out of window that night.

Horns grow to his head and he will be unable to withdraw it. Cynics there are who suggest that truly horns would not grow to the goodman's head if he kept his eye on those of his household, instead of looking out of the window o' nights.

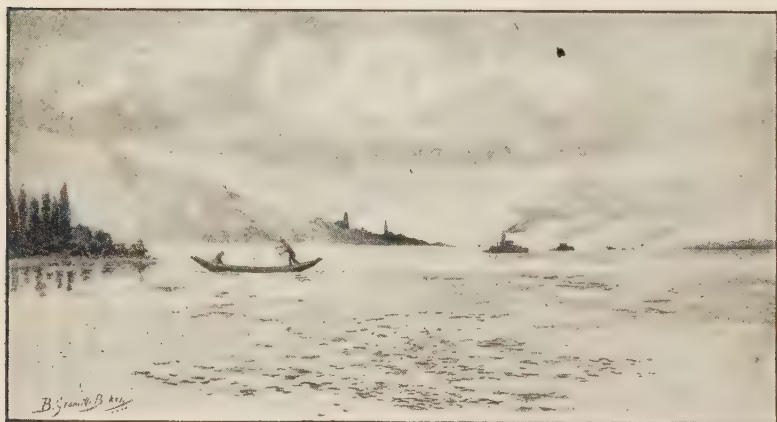
Then in this little street, "Grünstübel Gasse," those who know will point you out a house where strange things have been seen. This house was once the scene of council-meetings, before the Rathaus was. Here, punctually at midnight, in a room on the fourth floor, twelve venerable old men appear, and take their place at the council-table. These are the city fathers who had not the welfare of the city ever before their eyes, and are condemned to carry on their deliberations, though their sinful bodies have been dust for many centuries. A maid-servant, in search of fuel one night, found her way to the fourth story. She found some glowing embers in the grate of one room, heard the sound of voices in another, and peeped through the key-hole. What she saw there made her turn to escape, but two old men barred her passage. One of them said: "This time you may go, but if you ever come again your life is forfeit." When the maid arrived downstairs she discovered that the glowing embers she had collected had turned to gold pieces.

Leaving the narrow streets, we take our way to the river. A gleaming white monument, already referred to, marks the place to which the Kings of Hungary repaired after the coronation ceremony. Here was in former days a mound of earth, collected from each of the provinces into which the Kingdom was divided. The newly crowned King rode on to this mound, the "Krönungs-Hügel," and as token that he was prepared to defend his country against all its enemies, cut the air with his sword—north, south, east, and west. The mound has been removed, and the fine equestrian statue, the work of Johann Fadrusz, a Pressburg sculptor, has stood in its place since 1896.

Danube will forgive us for lingering so long at Pressburg, for he knows and loves the place. And they who live here are bound by strong affection to their ancient friend the river. The town, and the people, make Pressburg a place from which the traveller departs unwillingly. The town itself has so many attractions, and the kindly citizens are always ready to make the traveller acquainted with the beauties that lie outside the city gates. There, opposite us, across the river, is the "Au Park," with its gigantic trees and pleasant avenues. Again, north of the town, are lovely forests, full of delight in every season of the year. You pass through a wooded valley, Nachtigallenthal (the Vale of Nightingales) and come upon a tiny watering-place hidden among trees; it is lovely—standing by the side of a lake, sheltered from winter winds by high wooded hills. For winter is severe in this country, but even that is turned to good account, and tobogganing and every form of winter sport, bring roses to the cheeks of those who live in the city.

Smoothly, serenely, Danube flows on eastward. The broken towers of Pressburg fade from sight as we pass by wooded islands or broad fields where the harvest is ripening. Legend and history, which kept us lingering at Pressburg, call to us as we pass down-stream. Komorn, a fortress that has never been taken, though twice the Turks have tried its strength, and though Austria's military skill was pitted against its walls in 1848, lies sleeping in the noonday sun. Still Komorn has its hours of activity, for here the Danube flotilla, gun- and torpedo-boats, are harboured during the winter months. You may see these smart little ships, each with its canopy of smoke, hurrying up-stream, a striking contrast to the peaceful scenery on either bank. For everywhere are hamlets framed in foliage, flocks of geese that dot the water's edge, and utter hissing protests at the stranger who passes that way. Then by degrees the features of the country alter, and

wooded hills come in to fold the Danube in a fond embrace, and to reflect their verdant glory in his waters. From time to time these green reflections are broken by some stately building. There, dazzling white against an evening sky, in the light of a setting sun, rises a glorious edifice. In features like St. Peter's Church in Rome, of a character quite its own, surrounded by hills, and at its feet a little town containing a modern palace, stands Esztergom or Gran. This is the residence of the Prince Primate of Hungary. On that rocky promontory is the cradle of Christianity in Hungary. There Stephan the



Saint was born, baptized, and crowned. Remains of the chapel are still to be seen where these events took place. For centuries Gran was a place of great importance; but in the thirteenth century the tide of Tartars passed by here and left desolation in its wake. Béla IV. endeavoured to restore to the town its former prosperity, but other towns have now grown up and surpassed it. Nevertheless, here stands, in the finest possible position, one of the most perfect buildings of its kind—the Basilika, the Prince Primate of Hungary's cathedral.

Then other, higher hills come down from the Car-

pathians to close Danube in and give additional grace and beauty to his onward course. And from the south masses of sandstone, the Bakony heights, close in upon the river. Villages cling to the side of the hills, adorned by vineyards, and here and there a ruined tower speaks of sterner, less peaceful times.



Who would think that those crumbling ruins, those broken battlements, *qui s'accusent* against the evening sky, were once the centre of a mighty Empire, that the fate of many countries was decided within those tottering walls? But indeed it was so, for here is Visegrád, hither the king, Charles I., transferred his residence from Ofen ; here high revels were held, kings and princes met here ; ambassadors

disappears from view towards a purple haze, where lights are beginning to twinkle. In that haze there lies a city, large and fair and prosperous ; a city that, through much tribulation, has risen to high estate ; a City Beautiful. Traveller, you are approaching Hungary's new capital ; an ancient town, two towns in fact—Buda-Pesth.

CHAPTER XI



ANUBE knows well how best to present his favourite places to the traveller, so he brings us to Buda-Pesth of a summer evening, when the red and gold of sunset are fading from the sky, and stars begin to twinkle shyly over the city. Lights spring out as we proceed; they throw up the graceful outlines of the many bridges that cross the mighty river, they emphasise the dark purple mass of the buildings—the Parliament to the left of us, the Royal Castle on the heights to our right. As we approach a long-drawn island divides the river, the Margareten Insel, and through the ancient trees that deck it, the evening breeze brings us tales of days when the world was many centuries younger. It tells of the Celts who lived here and named their settlement Atlinik, which being interpreted meaneth “broad waters.” They had their day, those Celts, and sank out of importance when Imperial Rome sent her legions hither. The Romans chose a site for their strong camp, chose it cunningly; not too near the river, but under the lea of that range of hills to westward on the right bank; there, where even in the fiercest summer heat they might derive full benefit from the cool breeze that whispers through the valleys and comes to hold commune with old Danube. Out of the Roman camp a city grew; the Romans called it Aquincum. Hadrian gave it municipal rights, and Septimius Severus raised the city to

the rank of colony, making it the capital of Pannonia, the Roman province. Then storm and stress broke over this strong colony : flood-tides of Goths, of Huns, of Lango-bards seethed in successive waves over the walls and through the well-kept streets, leaving a howling wilderness behind them.

The evening wind moves gently over the ruins of a temple, where the Asiatic legion offered sacrifices to Mythras whose image has braved the ravages of time ; lingers lovingly about the desolate hearths with here and there a trace of mosaic, whither the stern legionary returned from war's alarm to the arms of those who held his rugged affections captive.

Avari, the enemies of Charlemagne, passed by here, and Slavs, on their way to establish the long-forgotten Empire of Moravia. These latter stayed but a day, yet left a lasting record in the name Pesth, which means "oven." Then came Teutons and they called the village on the right bank Ofen, because they found traces of the Romans' brick-kilns.

St. Stephan's beneficent influence was felt here ; he built the first Christian church at Ofen, and the foundations of Pesth of the present may date from his day. Twenty years later both new towns, Ofen and Pesth, went under, when the savage hordes of Tartars devastated Hungary. But Béla returned in 1244 and rebuilt the towns.

The name of Buda is wrapt in mystery. Pesth, as we know, means "oven" (Ofen) yet for many centuries the section now called Buda was known as Ofen, and to this day you may find (in Germany) men who speak of Ofen-Pesth. Legend has it that Etzel's great castle was on the site of modern Buda, that Buda was the name of Etzel's elder brother, deposed and murdered by his fierce junior. Yet the memory of the elder lingered in loyal hearts, and so the name of Buda lives to this day, whereas no trace

of Etzel's stronghold may be seen ; its site even is unknown.

Then Buda (Ofen) enjoyed glorious days when scions of the house of Anjou reigned over Hungary and wore St. Stephan's crown.

Danube has told us of Charles I., and the splendour of his state at Visegrád, but he did much for Ofen. Then we heard of Ludwig, King of Hungary, Poland, Naples. This was the culminating point of Anjou magnificence in Hungary. Poland cut adrift in 1386, and Ludwig's daughter Hedwig ascended that country's troubled throne. Ludwig was succeeded in Hungary by his daughter Maria, and her mother, Elizabeth, Queen-Dowager, promoted her favourites to power. So the nobles of Croatia and Dalmatia revolted, and called in Charles the Small, of Naples. But he was murdered a week or so after his arrival at Ofen, and his partisans took Maria prisoner and killed her mother.

Maria was released, and Sigismund, her husband, transferred the Court from Visegrád to Ofen. But he was careless to a greater degree than even loyal Hungary could stand, so, after a most disastrous crusade against the Turks, Sigismund was taken prisoner by his own nobility and clergy, and Albrecht of Austria, his son-in-law, succeeded. Unhappy days followed for Hungary till there arose a hero, János Hunyádi, who with gallant young Vladislaus I. of Poland, drove the Turks out of the land, and far away into the Balkans. But Vladislaus was killed at Varna, and Ladislaus Posthumous, his son, was elected King in his stead. Emperor Frederick III. of Germany held the child captive, so a grateful nation proclaimed their hero, János Hunyádi, "Gubernator." Though young Ladislaus succeeded to the throne when he effected his escape from the Emperor's Court, he failed to hold his own. Jealousy caused him to bring about the death of young Hunyádi, and he had to flee before the

storm of indignation that swept over the Kingdom. This, and the death of Ladislaus, gave Hungary one of its greatest Kings, Matthias Corvinus, János Hunyádi's second son, elected by the Hungarian nation in 1458. His reign of thirty-two years was glorious, and is still the subject of discussion when the nights are long, and the Karpathian wolves come down into the plains. For Matthias broke the power of the high nobility that still adhered to the Emperor Frederick, and beat the Turks repeatedly. He was crowned at Olmütz instead of George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia, and took the lands of Moravia, Silesia, and the Lausitz from the feeble hands of Vladislaus, son of George Podiebrad. Then Matthias carried his victorious arms farther, and drove Kaiser Frederick out of his own Austrian possessions, transferring his residence to Vienna. All these were great and glorious deeds, and were probably more highly appreciated than the enlightenment which led to his founding a university.

But all the great deeds done by Matthias were unable to alter the course of events, or to check the progress of that ruthless foe, who, under Star and Crescent, came out of the East. Internal disunion made matters yet easier for the hosts of Othman, so for centuries a Turkish Pasha held his sway, in the Sultan's name, at Ofen.

Undying patriotism, an intense sense of their nationality, saved the Hungarians from the fate of other peoples who had gone down before the Crescent. Never was Hungary entirely deprived of her national identity. The fierce sons of a warlike race were ever ready to seize an opportunity for asserting their claims to definite nationality. So from earliest days a military organisation, on the tribal system, obtained in Hungary. Matthias Corvinus well knew how to turn the martial spirit of his people to the service of their country, and 1458, the first year of his reign, saw the first levies of troops whose valour has

been proved on many a stricken field. Hussars, Hungary's light cavalry, mounted on spirited little horses, lightly armed, they stand for all that is bold and venturesome in warfare.



Now swiftly spying out, with falcon eye, the enemy's dispositions, checking his advance by harassing clouds of dashing horsemen, then speeding his retreat, wearing weary battalions down to the limits of human endurance.

And Buda-Pesth is now the centre of the life of this brave and generous nation. From small beginnings Pesth rose from a little town of 29,000 souls to its present greatness, and on the opposite bank old Ofen (Buda) nestles at the feet of heights, crowned by the Royal Palace, by a Gothic D.O.M. of marvellous beauty, and by a frowning though dismantled fortress.

Few views are more beautiful than that of Pesth seen from the heights of Ofen. The broad river, sweeping in gentle curve, onward to the sea ; steamers, busily crossing and recrossing, tell of the active life of those who have their being in modern Pesth ; and by the river-side, on terraced foundations, rise the buildings of the House of Parliament—a worthy shrine for the political genius of this nation of politicians. For politics are as dear to the Hungarian as is warfare in defence of all that he holds holy.

Let those who like to scoff at scenes reported in the daily papers, scenes of discord and disorder in other Parliaments, look to the doings of our own, and cast the first stone if they dare. Can any other Parliament bring



PESTH FROM THE "FISCHER-BASTEI."



a parallel to this event: It was when the Hungarian Parliament sat at Pressburg in 1825. Parliament was debating on a scheme to raise the educational standard of the people, to encourage art and science, and many eloquent voices were raised in favour of the motion; strongest, most convincing of all speakers was Paul Nagy. But, alas! the question of how to raise the necessary funds brought deep depression to the assembly—funds were not available, and a glorious reform was in danger of shipwreck at the outset. Then, to the surprise of all, from the ranks of the spectators came a clear, incisive voice. A young captain of Hussars had risen and was speaking, and this is what he said: "Most honourable estates! Forgive me, who have no right to address this house. You are debating a great reform, but, as I hear, the means to carry it into execution are not there. Very well, then! I am prepared to give a year's income, 60,000 gold pieces, hoping others may be found to contribute the rest." Amid scenes of unequalled enthusiasm the needful sum was



collected within half an hour. The generous donor was young Count Stefan Széchényi, whom Kossuth, his most determined political opponent, called the "greatest of

Hungarians." When Count Stefan's friends subsequently asked him how he proposed to live, he answered that surely he would find friends to help him for a year.

Danube glitters and sparkles in the sunlight, which shows you the many beauties of this modern city—its imposing buildings, its strong yet graceful bridges, and the life and bustle of a prosperous town. A generous nation looks kindly upon science and the gentle arts, and Danube smiles at the enthusiasm of the traveller who finds such whole-souled encouragement of things beautiful and ennobling. The ancient University sheds the light of learning on a quick-witted people, and of those who keep this lamp alight and burning is one whose name should be dear to every Briton. A man who loves Old England as intensely as he loves his own fair country, Professor Vambéry. Here in Pesth he lives in hale and active old age, and welcomes travelling Britons, giving them freely of the treasures of his well-stored mind. May you live long and happy years, you friend of Britons!

Among the many beauties of the twin cities, perhaps the Margareten Insel ranks first. Leave your hotel early of a summer morning, and walk along the river-side until you come to the bridge which sends an arm down to the island. Then take a seat on the terrace overlooking the river. Here it is well to break your fast: coffee made to perfection, rolls and fruit, this to the accompaniment of loud remarks by a whole swarm of sparrows. They are young ones at this time of the year, and are more inquisitive than terrier puppies. They occupy the backs of vacant chairs around your table, and appear to be discussing you and your habits, without restraint. One more venturesome than others will dart upon the table, snatch a crumb, and return to his admiring little brothers and sisters, to shout about his great achievement.

And over the heads of these cheery little mortals a

glorious view of the twin cities, the bridges that connect them, the gleaming river moving swiftly and smoothly to the distant sea.

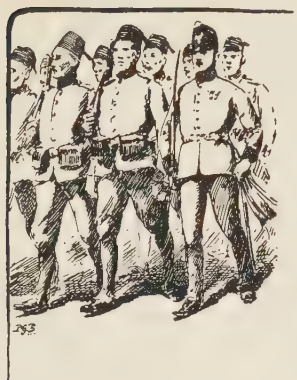
We, too, must be moving onward, but will first stroll round the island, over smooth lawns, under tall, shady trees, where here and there some crumbling masonry, ruins of St. Margaret's Abbey, peep through the foliage.

We leave Buda-Pesth at night, when myriads of lights are reflected in the wide sweep of the river—leave it with regret, for it is a place with an intense fascination of its own—a fascination subtle, indefinable; perhaps the traveller feels that he is really approaching the unknowable East. Yet the towns are modern, Western, taking all in all. Well-dressed men, fair ladies, smart soldiery, though the fez worn by the Bosnian troops brings the East nearer. You may see a party of those



well-built, active men marching down with swinging steps from the castle—a pleasant sight. They look contented and thoroughly useful, a fact that speaks volumes for the might of the Empire over which Kaiser Franz Joseph reigns.

Our boat swings out into the stream, and we glide away into the silence of the night. The hills on either side recede, and right and left of us are the vast, fertile plains of Hungary. A deep belt of trees, willows and



poplars, and dense undergrowth, is drawn between the river and the open country. Here in these swampy lowlands, and on the many islands, is the haunt of the water-fowl. Flights of wild duck and geese draw symmetrical lines across the evening sky, a stately heron rises slowly as we pass and seeks a reedy shelter beyond our range of vision. Stag and deer hide in

the thickets, stealing out to water when the sun has set, when the Evening Primrose opens to shed its pale light on fairy revels. For here o' nights is life, teeming life; but never seen by any but most favoured mortals. The nymphs of the river, fairies, and pixies, and the little wise men who sleep by day under the roots of the willow, gather together to dance round their Queen. Then Danube takes up his tale to the sound of whispering reeds and the rustle of silvery leaves. He tells of the many races of men whom he has helped to work out their destiny. Of the Romans, whose flotilla sailed over his course from far in the west right down to the sea. But they vanished and left Danube deserted, for the wild hordes that came out of the East surged over the plains. But the peoples returned to their allegiance, and Danube bore them and their treasures from place to place. Here, where dense jungle skirts both banks of the river, the dwellings of mortal men are farther inland, yet here and there they come down to the river and fill the bank with sounds of life's business, as at Mohacs, a place of importance in commerce, for here coal is shipped and carried down-stream. This has given importance to Mohacs, but its growth is recent. Danube has seen other happenings here, long before the days of prosperity. For on that 29th of August, 1526, young King



Ludwig II. met Sultan Soliman II. in battle. The young king was vanquished; he was slain on the field, and with him 20,000 Germans and Hungarians. But this defeat was atoned for when, more than a century later, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and Ludwig, Markgraf of Baden, drove the Turks before them and put an end to their rule in Hungary.

The light of day silences those voices of the night, and silently Danube carries us through the rich country, past fishing villages, where the inhabitants stop their labours for a moment to watch us pass. Quaint water-mills are everywhere, and now and then a ferry-boat pauses to let us pass.



Picturesque ruins crown the heights that begin to close in on the right when we pass by Draueck, where the river Drave joins Danube. There is Erdöd, with its ruined castle, and Ilok, seat of the Princes of Odes-calchi, the Roman Castium, and full of wild legends. There are ruins of three Roman strongholds here; Magyars and Turks passed over Ilok, from here the enthusiast Johann Capistran started his crusade against



the latter, and still it stands, defying time and the elements.

In wide curves Danube moves swiftly south-eastward ; a sharp promontory turns his course, and he swirls round a rocky eminence, famous in history. This is Peterwardein, a grim fortress, connected by a bridge of boats with the pleasant little town of Neusatz. Peterwardein was one of the milestones of Prince Eugene's triumphal progress; here in 1716 he inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Turks, driving them headlong over the plains towards the Balkans.

Everywhere, along the river, linger tales of those days when the land was ruled by the Sultan, who sat on the throne of Constantine. Again, shortly below Peterwardein, is yet another historic town, whose history is identified with the struggles of Hungary to rid itself of Turkish domination—Carlowitz. Here in 1699, in the Peace Chapel, a treaty was concluded between Austria and Turkey, by which all the lands gained during the last two centuries were given up by the Porte. The chapel has five doors, and that for a peculiar reason. Five Powers were con-



cerned in the peace negotiations, and each sent an Ambassador. Jealous of their country's greatness, each envoy declined to follow one of another country into the chapel. Therefore, in order to mark the equal greatness of all the five great Powers concerned, five doors were made, enabling the five Ambassadors to enter all at once, and not one behind another.

Carlowitz is now a peaceful little town, but still of great importance to numbers of Kaiser Franz Joseph's subjects ; for here is the see of the Primate of all those who, under the Double Eagle, own spiritual allegiance to the Orthodox Church.

Broad Danube flows swiftly onward, between vine-clad hills to the right and the vast plains to left of him—those fruitful plains, hid from sight by numerous wooded islands and the fringe of willows, elders, and dense undergrowth. Evidence of the fertility of the plains of Hungary is brought to us at Slankamen (where, by the way, Markgraf Ludwig of Baden, again beat the Turks in 1691, and earlier still a naval victory of János Hunyádi over the Turks preceded a victory on land) by the broad, slow-flowing Theiss. This river makes its way down through the richest districts of this rich country, and bears ships laden with golden grain, which then are borne by Danube to the northern industrial communities. These rivers meet in a vast expanse of water, where a lighthouse stands up white by day against the distant green banks. When the



shades of evening fall on these peaceful waters the lighthouse shows the way we have to take, and we move on beneath a starlit sky. Danube takes us past

gentle hills, vine-clad, past peaceful villages, whence, from the little church, the vesper-bell rings out over the waters. Winding gently, Danube carries us on, till many lights ahead of us, and their thousand reflections in the wide expanse of water, show that we are approaching some large town. It is Semlin, another ancient, historic city. Here, from the earliest days of navigation on the Danube, the goods of East and West met for exchange and barter, in spite of all the storms that moved over the place when the races of Europe were afoot and wandering. Semlin has seen wild days, and has survived them. The Turks here made their last stand on Hungarian soil against Prince Eugene, of Savoy. In earlier ages still Hunyádi's castle stood on that hill above Semlin. It is now in ruins, for George Brankoviç, the Servian despot, broke its stout walls, and destroyed it



IN THE GARDENS AT SEMLIN

A story of strange ups and downs that of George Brankovič, Prince of Servia, and of János Corvinus Hunyádi, the Hungarian patriot. The former, son of Wuk Brankovič, whom we shall hear of anon, succeeded his uncle Stephan in 1427. Like János Hunyádi, George Brankovič turned all the force of a strong character to work on one problem—that of freeing his country from the Turk. To this end he entered into an alliance with Hunyádi, and threw open Belgrade and other Servian fortresses to the Hungarian. Murad's forces proved too strong, Brankovič was obliged to retire, to concede Bosnia, and a part of Servia to the Sultan, and even to promise his daughter Maria to his conqueror as wife.

Then Hunyádi's victories, leading to the Peace of Szegedin, restored Servian independence. But Brankovič quarrelled with Hunyádi, who thereupon entered Servia. Brankovič went over to his former enemy, captured Hunyádi at the battle of the Amselfeld, Kossovo, and in his turn wrought destruction in Hungary. But Brankovič fell out with his new ally, was beaten by Murad II. in 1448, and died seven years later. His sons failed to agree one with another, and so rendered Servia an easy prey to the Turks.

Hunyádi's story is equally interesting. His father's

name was also Wuk (Woyk), and he hailed from Wallachia. King Sigismund endowed him with the castle of Vajda Hunyad, and a title of Hungarian nobility. Hunyadi's mother was a Szapolyai-Corvinus, after the raven in her coat of arms.

János Hunyadi's earliest days were spent at the Court of Servia. He then joined King Sigismund in the campaign against the followers of Huss. Then followed a life of warlike activity directed chiefly against the Turks. Hunyadi's first campaign against them was that of 1437-9. When Albrecht II. died the Hungarians elected Wladislaw III., of Poland, King, and under him Hunyadi beat Isak Bey at Belgrade in 1441, and, in the year following, Mejid Bey at Maros-Szent Imre (where his life was saved by the heroism of Simon Kemény). Then he defeated the Turks at Hermannstadt, and Shahabeddin Pasha near the Iron Gate. Hunyadi even penetrated as far as Sofia, and won more victories.

Hunyadi's successes aroused the jealousy of his fellow nobles; even King Wladislaw was thus affected. Hunyadi was left out of the next campaign against the Turks, which ended in disaster and the death of King Wladislaw at Varna.

During the minority of the new King, Ladislaus Posthumous, János Hunyadi acted as Regent of Hungary, the people having conferred on him the rank of "Gubernator."

Again Hunyadi turned his thoughts towards the East, where the power of the Ottomans loomed threateningly. He endeavoured to rouse Europe to realise this danger, but met with no support; even the jealous nobility of Hungary stood aloof. So Hunyadi went forth unaided, and met with misfortune. As we have seen, George Branković had treacherously joined the Sultan; we also know that Hunyadi was taken prisoner at Kössovo, though he was released after two months.

When Emperor Frederick III. liberated the thirteen-year-old King of Hungary, Ladislaus V., in 1452, Hunyádi laid down his office of Gubernator; but he had not yet seen the last of his old enemy, the Turk. When Sultan Mohammed II., after a three years' truce, marched into Servia, Hunyádi took the field again and

Sketched in
Belgrade



beat Firuz Bey at Krushevaç. Two years later the Turks penetrated as far as Belgrade to besiege it. Hunyádi was at Semlin, sick of the plague. He lived just long enough to hear the news of how that keen spirit, Johannes Capistran, had entered Belgrade and defeated the Turks. All Christendom mourned Hungary's great patriot, János

Hunyádi, and the Southern Slavs still sing of him as Sibirjani Janku.

George Branković's work died with the dissensions among his sons. János Hunyádi's second son reigned, as Matthias Corvinus, over a strong and prosperous Hungary.

A monument to Hunyádi rises from out of the ruins of his home. The eagle that crowns this monument looks out over the peaceful town, where storks build their nests on the chimneys—looks out over a vast expanse of water, for a broad, placid stream, the Save, comes in from the west to join forces with the Danube.

The shades of night rest on the peaceful scene. Across the waters, and reflected in them, shine the lights of Belgrade. The White Fortress, Belgrade, the capital of Servia, lies opposite. Centuries pass by us as we gaze out into the night. The Romans, who took Belgrade from a Celtic race, and held it for four hundred years as Singidunum, have left their mark here as elsewhere. Byzantines followed, then Huns, Magyars, Turks, and Croats. Great names are recorded in the history of Belgrade—Mohammed II, the Conqueror, János Hunyádi, Max of Bavaria, Prince Eugene, and Laudon.

History has been in the making within recent years; Servian Kings have followed each other in quick succession. Belgrade is their residence.

And a blood-red moon hangs over against Belgrade.



THE MOON HUNG BLOOD RED, OVER AGAINST BELGRADE.



CHAPTER XII



THE light of the rising sun shows up the ancient fortifications of Belgrade in strong relief. They are fine specimens of Vauban's genius, but for present-day requirements absolutely useless. Yet the Servian soldiery jealously guard these relics of the past, despite the fact that, according to a convention, no Danube towns may be fortified.

Danube, strengthened by the waters of the Save, flows on eastward towards the sea. For many a mile Hungary lies to the left of us, Servia on the opposite bank. The Hungarian side is flat and uneventful—*islands, backwaters, and that deep fringe of grey-green willows, interrupted here and there by some small village or township.*

The Servian coast offers more variety. Gentle, undulating hills move down to the river's bank, with evidence of cultivation everywhere. Then the hills recede, and form a wavy outline against the midday sky. Far away to eastward, by the river, a broken line arouses interest. As you approach its meaning becomes plainer, and details, one by one, detach themselves and become insistent. Semendria—Smederovo, as the Servians call it—was once upon a time a very strong place indeed. The Romans laid the foundations of this castle, and George Branković, the Servian national hero, built the present walls and towers upon them. In serried ranks they stand, these

broken towers, the citadel at the north-eastern corner. The Turks forced this strong castle to surrender, and are responsible for its present ruined condition. To the traveller it is of much interest as a link in the chain of history; the history of the people that live in the plains south of Semendria, and among the mountains yet farther away. A strange, unhappy story. We have found the Romans here in the days before the Star of Bethlehem rose to shed the light of Christianity on an unhappy world. In this the province of Mœsia superior, the Romans built strong castles, sheltering flourishing towns. Then



came waves of savage Huns, fierce Ostrogoths, and Lombardi. They passed and left a wilderness behind them. Then in the sixth century Justinian added this country to his Empire, but under his successor the Avari broke in, and desolation followed wild confusion. Not till the middle of the seventh century did the present inhabitants arrive, the Serb tribe of the great Slav race; and they spread all over what is now the Servian Kingdom, and away to Bosnia and Montenegro. These Serbs were divided up into tribes, each under a chief who rendered service to a nominal head, the great Zupan, or Kralj (King), or Tsar (Emperor). When the head was a really

strong man matters went fairly smoothly, but as a rule a strong man was not, and the tribes engaged in dissensions among themselves. This rendered them an easy prey to their stronger neighbours. So in the eighth century the Serbs, who had received Christianity from the Eastern Empire, came under the power of that State. Then, from time to time, Bulgarians would take possession of East Servia. But Bulgaria's power was broken by Byzant in the tenth century, so Servia again became subject to the Eastern Emperor. Nearly a century later a strong man arose among the Servians, Stephan Dobroslav, whom the Greeks



called Boistlav, and he, having subjected all the other Zupans, assumed full power and regained the independence of his country.

Pope Gregory confirmed Michael, son of Stephan Dobroslav, in the royal title Kralj—but inner dissensions during this reign led to a redivision of the country. Wars with Byzant continued, and Servia suffered horribly, till yet another Stephan, Zupan of East Servia, gained the ascendancy in 1165. He, as first King of that name, founded the Nemanya dynasty, and under his descendants Servia became great and powerful. The newly arisen Empire was called that of Rassa, after its capital Rasha,

now known as Novibazar. The greatest of all the house of Nemanya was Stephan Dushan, who reigned from 1331 to 1355. His Empire included Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, Epirus, and Bulgaria, and in 1346 he took the Title of Tsar. But the greatness of his Empire was short-lived. Stephan Urosh, his son, a weakling, failed to hold the Empire together; in South Servia the Voivod Vukashin rose up against him; with Stephan Urosh the house of Nemanya died out. Another Power, more dangerous than any the Serbs had yet encountered, was moving up from the East. Murad I., with a vast, well-disciplined army, leaving the Emperor of the East trembling in his purple throne-room, was gradually forcing Eastern Europe into his power.

Murad met his enemies on the banks of the Maritza and vanquished them. Vukashin fell and his son, Kraljević Marko, had to submit to Turkish rule. The Eastern Empire was in sore straits, for the horns of the Crescent were closing in upon Byzant, and the Greek Emperor appealed in vain to Catholic Europe for assistance. Then the chivalry of ancient Servia came to the rescue. Knjes Lazar, King of a Servia once more united, gathered together his fighting forces, and none stood in higher repute than those of Servia. Bosnians, Albanians, and Bulgarians joined in this the last effort against the encroaching Turk. They were at first successful, and drove the Turks out of Servian territory. But in the end they proved powerless to stem the full-flowing tide. At Kossovo the contending forces met in battle. The fight raged fiercely until evening, with varying fortunes and much display of knightly valour. But Bajazet, whom his men called Yilderim (Lightning), struck swift and sure, and the disciplined ranks of the Sultan's army gained foot by foot. One deed of daring in this fight deserves to be recorded. The ranks of the Christian forces were thinning desperately, and the day was all but lost, when from out the hard-

pressed forces a Servian knight dashed forward towards the enemy. Milosh Kabilovitch galloped forth as if a deserter from the Servian ranks, and sought the royal presence of Murad; he alleged important intelligence concerning the plans of the allies. Kneeling before Murad he suddenly leapt up, and buried his dagger in the Sultan's heart. By a miraculous exercise of strength he beat off all the attendants who surrounded him again and again, but finally fell under the sabres of the Janissaries just as he had reached the spot where he had left his horse. Murad survived but to the close of the battle; his last act was to order the death of Lazar, the Servian King, who, standing in chains, regaled the dying eyes of his conqueror.

Bajazet succeeded to the throne of Othman on the field of battle. He divided Servia between Stephan, son of Lazar, and Vuk Brankoviç, to whose treachery, some say, was due the victory of the Turks. Servia then paid tribute to the Sultan, and was forced to render to him military service. Once again the nation rose against its oppressor, led by George, son of Vuk Brankoviç, assisted by Hungarians. Then came one stronger than any former Turkish ruler, Mohammed the Conqueror, who broke the power of the Eastern Empire, and set up his throne in Constantinople, the Castle of Cæsar. Mohammed put an end to Servian rule—he extirpated many of the best families, drove 200,000 Servians away into slavery, while others fled to Hungary. Servia had ceased to exist, and of its former glory remained only those crumbling ruins which Danube shows us as we pass down to the sea. Semendria, the Roman fortress, Rama and Golubaç, strongholds of the days when George Brankoviç made a last effort to restore Servia's independence.

Close on three hundred years elapsed before Servia's national identity became a subject of interest. Then in

the first decades of the eighteenth century, when the world was ringing with the fame of that gallant soldier, Prince Eugen of Savoy, Serbia's deliverance from Turkey came in sight. Prince Eugen drove the Turks out of Semendria, and at the Peace of Posharevaç, in 1718, Serbia, the Banat, and a greater part of Bosnia came under Austria's protection. But Austrian methods proved unpopular, so when Charles VI. engaged in his unlucky campaign of 1738-9 against the Turks, Servians assisted the latter, who again took possession of the land. Again Serbia suffered under the cruelty of the Janissaries, so when Katherine II. and Joseph II. took the field against the Turks in 1788 to 1790, Servians fought for Austria. By the beginning of the nineteenth century Turkish oppression had become unbearable, and Karajordji led a successful revolution. Belgrade was stormed and taken by his partisans in 1806, and by 1810 the Turks, who had tried to penetrate from east to west, across Morava and Drina, had been repulsed. But Serbia's dream of complete emancipation was not to be realised at once. The Peace of Bucharest in 1812 only brought amnesty to those who had risen against the Porte; tribute had to be paid, and fortresses already taken had to be restored to Turkey. Troublous, unhappy times followed for Serbia, until Turkey made peace with Russia at San Stefano. Then Serbia again became an independent Kingdom. The events which have since happened in Serbia, recorded by the daily papers, have not invariably been pleasant reading. Let us pass them by in silence, and go on with old Danube, for he has still much that is beautiful to show us, much that is profitable for us to know, to tell us.

Broad and swift, Danube carries us on through fertile, smiling plains on either hand, till quite suddenly we are faced by one of the most gloriously beautiful scenes on this or any river's course. From north and south high



THE NARROWS OF GOLUBAÇ

mountain-ranges bear down upon the river. They force Danube to wind his way through towering walls of stone, over masses of rock, in endless swirls and eddies. On the left bank a range of mountains runs straight out to the river, the extreme point sheer down into the water, jagged rock, the summit crowned by a ruined tower. This promontory seems to endeavour to force Danube to take his seething waters away to southward, but opposite stands yet another obstacle: in front of yet another range of hills rises a steep mass of rock crowned



by a ruined castle, the walls of which stretch down to the water's edge. A castle that Doré must have seen, weird in its broken masses, uncanny, growing as it were, out of the rock it stands on. This is Golubaç. Between these walls of rock Danube forces his way; and yet another impediment has withstood him for countless ages; in the middle of his bed stands

out a sharp-pointed rock, Babakai, and bare of any trace of vegetation.

Danube, reduced to a third of his usual breadth, rushes through the defile, between steep walls of granite. Wherever the slope is less precipitous dense forests grow, forests of oak and beech. Cliffs and sharp-pointed rocks stand up out of the eddying waters. Wherever space allows are traces of human habitation, remains of Roman strongholds, or here and there a hoary relic of the power of Turkey. And of man's handiwork the Danube shows the most astounding traces, here in this the most beautiful part of his great course. For, all along the defile on the Servian side, are traces of a road made in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, in the years

33 and 34 of the Christian era. This roadway, two yards broad, rested on a wooden gallery, and you may see the deep square holes at regular intervals, which held the beams that supported the gallery. In many places where the granite wall falls perpendicular, those Roman workers



had hewn their way out of the living rock till it arched smoothly overhead.

Danube, on passing through the lesser Iron Gate, enters into a broad and fertile valley. Here the Romans built strong posts, and their ruins still stand by Milanovaç on the Servian, Svinica on the Hungarian bank.

The river now seems to be gathering strength to force the last, most formidable obstacle. At the eastern

end of the valley of Milanovaç the mountains close in again, and Danube rushes the rapids of Jucz. Then Danube, cramped into a breadth of scarce two hundred yards, winds swiftly, irresistibly, through the Kazan Pass. Forests of beech and oak and walnut-trees rise in waves of verdure over the masses of granite that plunge sheer down into the swirling stream. Eagles hover over the scene, and haunt the ruins of fallen strongholds built



by successive conquering races. Reflected in the river, the granite wall of Sterbetz, 800 yards in height, and along its base the Roman road. What wonder, then, that man, witnessing the work of those that went before him, among these awe-inspiring works of nature, should engrave the name of one into the rock? The name of Trajan, the Great Emperor!

A work no less magnificent, and still enduring, winds along the left bank, a broad roadway forcing its way,

through and over all impediments—the work of Széchenyi, the great Hungarian patriot.

Another memory of Hungarian patriotism haunts this wild, romantic pass. For up in the side of Czukar Mountain, crowned by a huge boulder called the Bloodstone, is a cave which Count Veterani, the Austrian general, fortified and held against the Turks in 1692.

Danube is leaving Hungary, but loves to linger by the frontier, where the Kazan Pass opens out to make way for the pleasant little town of Orsova. Below this town, as we pass on our way, a long avenue of stately poplars leads from the river's edge into the valley of a small stream. Looking up this avenue we see a little chapel, the "Korona-Kapolna." Here Szemere and Fülöp buried the crown of Hungary when Kossuth fled.

We are leaving Hungary behind us, and Danube is taking us towards the portals of the East. A long narrow island, Ada Kaleh, just below Orsova, gives us a distinct foretaste of the Orient. Here among ruined fortifications are groups of little wooden houses ; a mosque, with its attendant minaret, stands up amidst them ; grave-looking men, wearing the fez, go about their business leisurely. For Ada Kaleh, though it is Austria's possession, is a Turkish colony, and shares a representative, with another constituency, in the Turkish Parliament.

Again the mountains close in on either hand, confining Danube to a narrow bed. A barrier of rocks here bars the way, and Danube, fierce and foaming, rushes over it. Here are the portals of the East, the Iron Gate, for centuries a grievous obstacle to the intercourse between the nations that live on Danube's banks. But man has defied nature, and forced a passage round the Iron Gate. One September day in 1896, the venerable Emperor-King, Franz Joseph I., King Carol of Roumania, and Alexander I. of Servia met here for the solemn opening of a new channel, through which Danube may carry ships.

in safety, and without any hindrance, bringing East and West yet nearer to each other.

The mighty heights that had accompanied our course from Golubaç recede, and old Danube enters the plains of Eastern Europe, a broad, slow-flowing river. So broad that, as we float in mid-stream, details lose themselves, and life on either bank shows in broad outlines only. So Danube gives us but broad outlines of the history of places and people on his banks. He points out Fet Islam—a Turkish fortress once, now a military prison for the Servian army—and, drawing nearer to the Roumanian side, gives us a glimpse of a prosperous little



town, Turn Severin. Here, amid pleasant gardens, stands the tower of Severus, looking down upon a mass of broken masonry. It corresponds with one upon the Servian bank, and these were Bridgeheads, guarding the bridge of stone which Trajan threw across the river what time he sought out Decebal to punish him. Decebal was king of the Dacians, whose predatory habits led them, from time to time, to ravage the Roman colonies of Illyria. Trajan came in person to chastise the Dacians, and Decebal accepted the conditions of the conqueror, one of which was that a Roman legion should garrison the country. But Trajan had scarcely returned to Rome when Decebal broke the treaty, and in a savage onslaught exterminated the Roman legion. Trajan returned and built that bridge,

then met the Dacians in battle and defeated them. Decebal fell by his own hand rather than follow his victor's triumphal car in chains. Trajan's column in Rome tells the story of this glorious campaign. Roumania, with Transylvania, Bulgaria, Servia, Bukowina and Bessarabia, formed the colony of Dacia Trajana for a space of eighty-five years. In Aurelian's days Goths swarmed in from the East and made Dacia untenable for those of Roman race. So they migrated westward to Mœsia, which was then renamed Dacia Aureliana.



For some centuries many nations marched across the plains of Wallachia and Moldavia. Huns and Gepidi in 450, Avari in 555, Slavs and Bulgarians in 680, Hungarians in 830, then the Kumani in 1050. The German tribes vanished, and the original colonists again asserted themselves, absorbing the remnant of these migratory races, to make up what is now the Roumanian people.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century yet another race joined these inhabitants of ancient Dacia, and spread all over Europe, where they were known by many names. These are the Tsigani, who were driven from the Indian

frontier by Tamerlane. They may be found all over Europe, but Roumania is their home, Roumanian, their tongue, albeit they are apt at learning other languages. They flooded the Eastern lands of Europe with music. Wherever you may go, from Vienna southward to the Black Sea, you will find smaller or greater bands of these, Nature's musicians, and the rhythm of the Kolo, the plaintive airs of these exiles, wanderers over the endless eastern plains, will haunt your dreams. Everything they touch they turn to music, even those meaningless vulgarities that come to us from the Far West, or are conceived in the vitiated air of music-halls, may be invested with some charm by the genius of this people. But they are best when singing of some homely scene, or recalling great deeds of Slav heroes in some stirring epic. They have done incalculable service to these Balkan peoples who have suffered so long and horribly under the heel of one conqueror following upon another. To them and to their song the preservation of national identity is very largely due. They sing of the great men who ruled over the independent principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, until these became Turkish provinces; of Michael the Brave, who lived when Henry IV. reigned; he showed the oppressors of his country that it is vain to endeavour to suppress a strong race and its religion. For a time it might succeed; and when Peter the Great, allied with Cantemir of Moldavia and Brancovan of Wallachia, was beaten in the battle of the Pruth, the two principalities had to suffer Greek hospodars, placed there by the Turks, to rule over them for five-and-eighty years. By 1772 Greece, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, Moldavia, Bukovina, and Bessarabia were Turkish provinces. But by degrees the power of the Porte diminished, and these subject races began to awake. Greece was first to throw off the foreign yoke. The Greek rulers over Moldavia and Wallachia had to make way for princes of Roumanian race, chosen and

raised to power by their peers, and this the Sultan had to sanction. The Greeks in those provinces were assimilated by the national movement, and a Cantacuzene—name long forgotten at Stamboul, where bearers of it had sat upon the throne of Constantine—ranks among Roumanian patriots.

The two old principalities were joined together as one united Roumania in 1856, and after Alexander Couza, who reigned as Alexander John I., resigned in 1866, Prince Charles of Hohenzollen-Sigmaringen was elected to the throne. So, by a strange turn of Fortune's wheel, we find



here, where old Danube is drawing towards the end of his long course, a scion of that family whose ancestral home stands on the wooded hills that enclose young Danube, as he wanders through the pleasant Suabian lands.

Prince Charles, Carol I., had reigned eleven years when he declared Roumania independent, and refused to pay further tribute to the Porte. Then a Roumanian army of 35,000, led by the gallant Prince, joined forces with the Russians and marched south. The Danube offered no serious obstacles, and on his banks are places made historic by the doings of those days. There is Calafat, whence the Roumanians bombarded Viddin, on the farther side ;

the warlike Prince fired the first shot. Below Viddin, with its ancient battered fortifications, lies a Turkish gun-boat, sunk by Roumanian shells, now covered by the waters of the Danube.

Then farther down the river, on the banks of a tributary, Ogost, lies a small village on the Bulgarian side. Here, too, history has been made.

Hristo Botief, the Bulgarian, had gathered together in Roumania a band of 230 volunteers to fight for freedom. These men were posted in small parties on various landing-stages along the river at Giorgevo, Zimnitsa, Magurele, Corabia, and Bechet, and on May 17th to 29th, 1876, embarked in an Austrian Danube steamer, the *Radetzky*. The captain of the ship was forced to land these warriors near a little village, Kozlodui; arms, ammunition and uniforms had been distributed, and so the band, Botief at its head, entered Bulgaria and made for the Balkan Mountains, where other insurrectionists awaited them. But Botief was surrounded and overpowered by superior numbers, and fell. Of his followers only thirty escaped; one of these, Sava Katrafilov, a priest, lives yet.

The hills that escorted Danube on the Bulgarian bank recede, and through low-lying country Danube takes his way, broad and strong. Quaint sailing-vessels slowly make their way up-stream, their sails spread to the wind that comes up from the Black Sea. On the banks are the quaint huts, and nets hung out to dry, of those who derive their daily bread from the river.

The banks become more and more distant, as we pass by peaceful villages or small towns: Rahova, on the Bulgarian side, with its ruined castle. Peaceful is the landscape on either side of this glittering river, but distant memories of strife and bloodshed lurk in the cool depths. There, leaning against the side of a hill, is the Bulgarian town Nicopoli—a small town, a former Turkish fortress, and right in the middle, unsuspected, you may find the ruins of

an underground church; it dates from the earliest days of Christianity, but its history is unknown. What scenes it must have witnessed! King Sigismund, of Hungary, met Sultan Bajazet the Great in battle at Nicopoli, and the Balkan countries became subject to the Porte. Fierce fighting raged round Nicopoli in 1810, and again in 1877, for the road to the Pass of Plevna starts from here—Plevna, which Osman Pasha heroically defended; where Roumania's independence was won.

The Russian army crossed the Danube farther down at Sistovo, and here it was that Alexander II. first set foot on Bulgarian territory. He led the people he had learnt to love to victory, but they forsook him. His heart lies buried in Bulgaria.

Yet farther eastward two important places face each other. Rustshuk on the Bulgarian bank, once a fortress which the Russians bombarded from the opposite bank, from Ramazan the port of Giurgevo. Here are many signs of Roumania's prosperity. Country carts, drawn by wiry little horses, bring the riches of Roumania, stores of golden grain, down to old Danube, who carries it to market at Braila.

Danube flows, broad and swift, towards the sea, and leaves us no time to step ashore and learn to know the lands that lie on either hand. But we know by many indications that, after centuries of affliction, two strong young countries have arisen, born of the undying spirit of two noble nations. Roumania, that smiling country, guarded to the east and northward by the glorious ranges of the Carpathian Mountains, spreads out its fertile plains to gentle Danube's banks. The mountains, too, yield their treasures, for health-giving mineral springs rise in the valleys, and oil flows from many wells on the mountain-sides.

A glance at Roumania's capital, Bucharest, tells more than volumes can. A fair town, with broad boulevards and

pleasant parks. After the day's work happy men and women fill the cafés. Music is everywhere; the author left Bucharest, and returned to Danube with his heart-strings still quivering to the strains of the Adagio of Beethoven's *Sonata Sympathique*.

South of the Danube lives that other strong young nation. They hold fast to the memories of a glorious past, of days when the people who came from the Volga and gave birth to a Bulgarian nation were led by their kings to victory. Their armies marched even up to the gates of Constantinople, and Emperors of the East were forced to pay them tribute.

King Boris, at the end of the ninth century, brought two holy men, Cyril and Methodius, originators of the Cyrillic alphabet adopted by all Slav nations, and Christianity, then introduced, was followed by a literary movement.

The power of Bulgaria increased, and under Tsar Simeon, son of Boris, extended over Bulgaria of to-day, Wallachia, part of Hungary and Transylvania, parts of Albania and Epirus, of Macedonia and Thessaly. Simeon assumed the title of Tsar, Emperor, and autocrat of all Bulgarians and Greeks. This title was retained by Bulgarian sovereigns until the conquest of their country by the Turks.

But the Bulgarians of to-day, while remembering their country's former greatness, still bear in mind the causes which led to its disintegration. Internal struggles weakened the country, and left it a prey to other nations. Russians invaded Bulgaria in the reign of Boris II.; he called in John Zemises to his aid, and after many years of warfare, Bulgaria was brought into subjection to the Emperor of the East.

Flickering attempts at liberation met with varied success, until the foe, who was drawing the Eastern Empire into his power, broke the last remnants of

Bulgarian chivalry at Kossovo. Then Bulgaria became a Turkish province.

Those dark days are over, but their memory serves as warning ; and since Bulgaria awoke at the beginning of the nineteenth century unflagging energy, undying devotion has raised this people to its present high position among the Balkan nations. Unswervingly they go along the way marked out for them—their gaze directed to the south.

Danube is nearing his journey's end ; he throws out arms towards the sea, and silently they wander through the low-lying country of the Dobrutsha. One

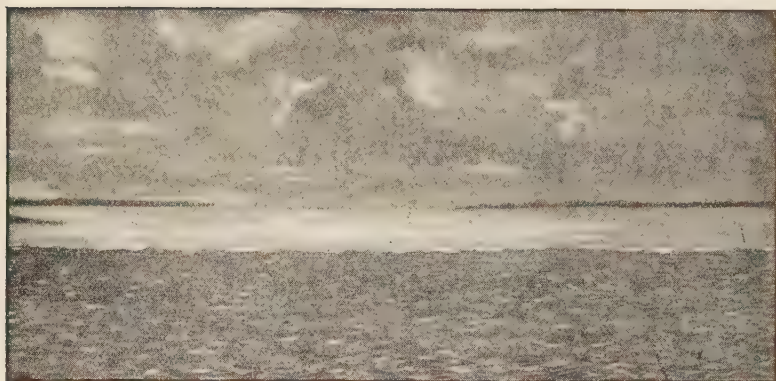


arm has been prepared for the use of man, where ships go up and down connecting prospering towns ; Braila, the great grain-market, Galatz, whither big ships come up from the sea. To guard this commerce you may see a flotilla of Roumanian gunboats, active and business-like, in keeping with the character of the nation under whose flag they sail.

Over the arms of the Danube two vast bridges stretch, carrying the railway to the coast. Wonderful work of men's hands, and beautiful of their kind when seen from below, against an evening sky.

Then for miles the river's arms move through the haunts of water-fowl, a vast expanse of water, islands everywhere ; and on those islands willows, gnarled by age, and twisted to fantastic shape.

Slowly Danube rolls his vast expanse of water out to eastward. A sigh at parting from the lands that he has blessed, a ripple of welcome as the gentle waves of a summer sea come in to meet him—the passing of Danube.



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